

Rudyard Kipling's First South African Story—July 7

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FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN SAN FRANCISCO

OFFICERS OF THE HEALTH BOARD SEARCHING THE QUARANTINED CHINESE QUARTER FOR CASES OF BUBONIC PLAGUE AND PREPARING FOR THE INOCULATION OF SUSPECTED PERSONS—(See page 15)

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NEW YORK, JUNE TWENTY-THIRD, 1900

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE EDITOR begs to announce that Mr. Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent who has so efficiently represented COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the campaign in the Philippines, is now in China under a commission from the WEEKLY to study the causes and present manifestations of the "Boxer" outbreaks which are so significant as a premonition of the impending disruption of the Chinese Empire. Mr. Palmer's letters from the seat of the disorder will deal fully with the probability of foreign intervention in Oriental affairs, and will appear in the WEEKLY at regular intervals, accompanied by photographic illustrations by the author.

THE MURDER of foreign missionaries is no new thing in China, nor, for that matter, is rebellion against the Peking Government. What renders the outbreak of the so-called "Boxers" unique is the fact that the deeds of violence perpetrated by the members of this secret society, which, while ostensibly athletic, is really political, are obviously encouraged by the Empress Dowager and the reactionary party upon whose support she relies. This circumstance renders the protection of foreigners a complicated and difficult task. The true solution of the problem is a concerted movement on the part of all the foreign powers interested in China for the purpose of deposing the Empress Dowager and restoring to full authority the nominal emperor, Kwang-Su, who, if he retains his physical and mental health, can probably be relied upon to surround himself by open-minded and progressive Ministers. This method of allaying the present troubles would be adopted as a matter of course but for the suspicion that Russia would not countenance it, being privily responsible for the unfriendly attitude assumed by the Empress Dowager toward the Western powers and Japan. We find it hard to believe that the suspicion is well-founded. Whatever may be the secret designs of Russia upon Northern China, it is for her interests to disguise and postpone them for several years to come. It would be an act of stupendous folly for Russia to alienate the Western powers by intrigues in Peking at the very time when Japan only awaits their cooperation, or friendly neutrality, to undertake the task of conquering Korea and driving the Russians from Manchuria. As a matter of fact, Russian diplomats have now an opportunity of strengthening materially their country's position in the Far East. If Russia would accept the suggestion made in London and cooperate with Great Britain for the purpose of restoring order at Peking and in the province of Pechili, she would render it practically impossible for Lord Salisbury to countenance the warlike projects of the Japanese. In this way the great object

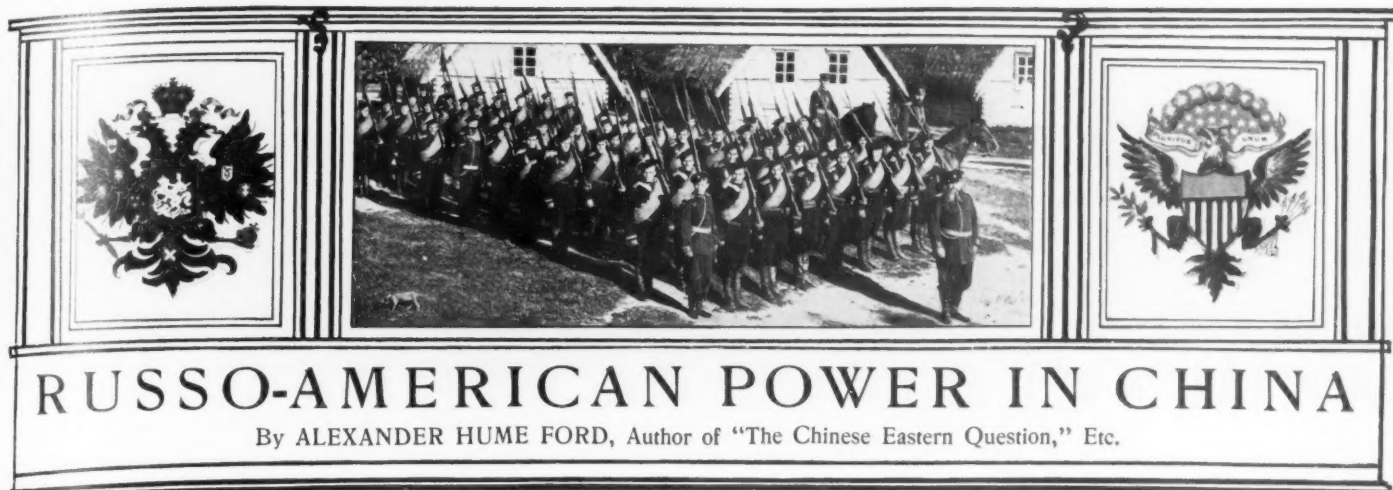
of Russian statecraft might be attained; to wit, the maintenance of peace in the Far East until the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

IT IS NOW certain that Mr. Bryan will be nominated at Kansas City, more than two-thirds of the delegates having been instructed for him. Is his chance of election more than a forlorn hope, however, provided he omits to strengthen his ticket by selecting as a candidate for Vice-President a man more popular than himself in certain doubtful States? Light will be thrown upon this question by a glance at the returns made by the electoral colleges in 1896. In that year Mr. Bryan fell short of a majority by 48 votes. Let us begin by inquiring whether he is even certain of retaining the States which he carried then. He then secured one vote in California and thirteen others in Washington, Utah, Idaho and Nevada. Subsequent local elections have shown that, owing, apparently, to the devotion of the Pacific Coast to the expansion policy, he cannot hope for any assistance from California or Washington, and he will be fortunate if he keeps Utah and Nevada. He recently spent some weeks in Oregon for the purpose of carrying it for his party at the State election which has just occurred. Nevertheless, the Republican majority is about four times as large as it was in 1896. There is reason to believe, on the other hand, that Mr. Bryan may gain Kentucky, the thirteen electoral votes of which (except one) he lost four years ago. Can he get the eight votes of Maryland? There is no doubt that Dewey could obtain them, but whether the Gold Democrats, whose co-operation in that State is indispensable, will support Mr. Bryan, if he comes before them virtually single-handed, is at least questionable. The same thing may be said of West Virginia; nothing has occurred during the last four years to indicate that Bryan's following in that State have gained any strength. Can Illinois, Ohio, or even Indiana be transferred from the McKinley column? None of his sober-minded adherents, who are familiar with the situation in the Middle West, would answer in the affirmative. The prospect of a political revolution in Michigan and Wisconsin is even less bright. Mr. Bryan must come Eastward then; to what four years ago he described as the "enemy's country." Can he reasonably expect to carry New York, New Jersey or Connecticut, the three Eastern States which, since the Civil War, have voted about as often for a Democratic as for a Republican candidate? No fair-minded observer will say that, in any of those three States, the outlook is promising for Mr. Bryan, nominated on the Chicago platform. Hitherto, we have assumed that Mr. Bryan will retain all the electoral votes he got in 1896, except the four from Washington and one from California, though we have intimated that the six votes of Utah and Nevada cannot be counted upon with absolute confidence. How is it with the ten votes of Kansas, the eight votes of Nebraska, the four votes of South Dakota and the three votes of Wyoming? If we may judge by the local elections that have taken place in those States since 1896, and by the ostensible drift of public sentiment therein, Mr. Bryan is by no means certain of carrying any one of them, not even Nebraska, of which he is a citizen. Assuming then that, between the present date and next November, public sentiment is not reversed by some startling incident, such as a colossal strike repressed by a shocking application of force, or an appalling exposure of corruption on the part of Republican officials, we are bound to say that, on the face of the figures, Mr. Bryan has no better chance of success this year than he had in 1896, and that, in some respects, his position has been weakened. Under the circumstances, what would be done to improve the prospects of their candidate by farsighted politicians, such as controlled the course of the Democratic party before the Civil War? Unquestionably they would pay the utmost heed to the choice of a nominee for Vice-President. The announcement of the ticket "Bryan and Dewey" would rouse Democrats like a clarion, and their hopes, now flagging, would revive. We advise the managers of the Democratic party to turn these things over in their minds.

IT IS BECAUSE Republican leaders apprehend that Dewey may be nominated for Vice-President by their opponents that they themselves incline strongly to the choice of a military hero for the second place upon their ticket. They cannot take Otis, because the work done by that General in the Philippines has made no impression on the popular imagination, and because, since he left Manila, his successor, General MacArthur, has demanded additional troops, a conclusive proof that Otis had by no means completed the pacification of the islands. Neither Miles nor Shafter is available, the country being evidently convinced that the services of each have been abundantly recompensed. The man the Republicans really need, and would put forward, if they could, is Roosevelt, but he has repeatedly declared that he would not accept the nomination, much preferring to be chosen Governor of New York for a second term. Nevertheless, if the Philadelphia Convention should nominate him by a unanimous vote, he would probably feel constrained to sacrifice his personal wishes and to accept the nomination. It will be remembered that, in 1868, Horatio Seymour presided at the Democratic National Convention held in the City of New York. He had repeatedly refused, both orally and in writing, to be a candidate for

President, and he reiterated the refusal when he accepted the post of presiding officer. It was the prevailing belief that the Convention would nominate either Pendleton of Ohio or Chief-Justice Chase, but when Vallandigham in an eloquent speech declared that Horatio Seymour alone could uphold the Democratic standard against Grant, the Convention was stymied. Seymour, overcome with emotion, tottered from the platform and left the hall, but, subsequently, he submitted to the demands of his fellow Democrats. No man is big enough to reject the unanimous appeal of a National Convention. We believe, therefore, that, if the Republicans are determined to have Roosevelt, they will get him.

THE FIRST SESSION of the present Congress will be remembered less for what it accomplished than for what it omitted to do. It is true that this Congress has committed the country unequivocally to the maintenance of the gold standard, and that this position can never be reversed until the Democracy controls simultaneously the Federal Executive and both branches of the Federal Legislature. It has also passed a naval appropriation bill, which permits the purchase of armor for the warships already begun or authorized to be built. It has enacted a territorial government for Hawaii which seems to be, upon the whole, acceptable to the inhabitants of that archipelago. It has furnished the rudiments of a civil government for Alaska, which may be developed hereafter when the search for gold shall have attracted a considerable white population. The sum total of the appropriations for all purposes made in a single session is about \$700,000,000; if the Federal legislators do as well at their second session, the aggregate may reach nearly a billion and a half, thus casting into the shade the so-called "Billion Dollar Congress." Now let us mark what the Federal Legislature has failed to do, first pointing out that, when the treaty with Spain was before the Senate for ratification in February, 1899, the friends of the Administration declared that the Executive was eager to transfer to Congress the responsibility for the treatment of our new insular possessions. Fifteen months have since elapsed, and no scheme of civil government for the Philippines has been enacted by Congress. The Filipinos are as much in the dark about the fate reserved for them as they were when the treaty with Spain was ratified. They have had promises, but not the first definite step toward performance. It is further to be borne in mind that, when our voters go to the ballot-box next November, nearly two years will have elapsed since January 1, 1899, when Cuba came into our possession. There has been no disorder in the island since that date, and Cuban officeholders have shown themselves every bit as honest as the American officials imported for the purpose of setting them an example. Long ago the proper measures might have been taken for the election of a constitutional convention to be intrusted with the task of framing an organic law for the Cuban Republic. Nothing has been done except to take a census and to order municipal elections, which will take place in the present month. Why did Congress adjourn without directing the Executive by a joint resolution to call a constitutional convention in Cuba within a fixed period? If it meant loyally to carry out the pledge embodied in the joint resolution of April 18, 1898, it would have taken such a course and not have postponed dealing with the matter until after the next Presidential election. Suppose Mr. McKinley to be re-elected next November, what certainty is there that Cuba will ever obtain her independence? Just as good pretexts can be found for postponing the evacuation of the island by our troops for four years longer as have been put forward for delay during the last twelvemonth. The conduct of the Administration with reference to Cuba is certainly suspicious. The census could have been taken within a month after the ratification of the treaty with Spain, and municipal elections could have been held within six weeks thereafter. Had these preliminary moves been made, the constitutional convention could have finished its labors before the close of 1899, and Cuba at this hour would be an independent republic. Congress might have convinced our citizens of its good faith by ordering the convocation of a Cuban constitutional convention during the present summer, but it has neglected to do so. For Porto Rico, a scheme of civil government has been provided, but it is accompanied with a tariff based on the assumption that the island is a semi-foreign country, or that, at all events, the islanders do not enjoy the privileges and immunities guaranteed by our Federal Constitution to citizens of the United States. The inquiry of the discrimination is demonstrated by the fact that the territorial government, organized for Hawaii, is not accompanied by the imposition of any tariff on Hawaiian products. What have the meek and long-suffering Porto Ricans done that they should be deemed less entitled than the Hawaiians to the benefits of the Constitution? Another omission of this Congress at its first session was to take any sincere and effective action against trusts. The suggestion of anti-trust legislation in the President's third message seems to have been regarded as not sincere and unimportant, but merely perfunctory, by the Republican majority in the Federal Legislature. At all events, nothing was done until the very eve of adjournment, when the bill passed by the House of Representatives was quietly smothered in the Senate. That is the last we shall hear of it, unless Mr. Bryan should chance to be elected.



SINCE THE simultaneous conquest of Manila by America and the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia, in May, 1898, these two nations, so opposite in methods and politics, have become the predominant powers in Northern China, and their influence is still spreading.

The closing year of the nineteenth century finds them for the first time forced into a temporary armed alliance for the protection of their mutual interests in the Far East. The one seeking to maintain and extend the commercial supremacy so suddenly acquired chiefly by reason of the recent territorial acquisitions of the other; both moving forward to extend spheres of influence—America to make a commercial conquest, Russia to add more territory to her already vast domain. Obviously the protection of the lives and property of foreigners in China is the sole object of the naval and military move upon Peking, but it is not to be expected that golden opportunities will be thrown away when they present themselves, as they will.

Ever since the China-Japanese War was waged in and about the Gulf of Pechili, that part of the world has remained the great political centre of international danger. Here, in spite of the opposition of almost every other nation, in two years Russia has attained almost complete territorial control, while America has become commercially the mistress of these waters, the vast preponderance of her \$50,000,000 of exchange of trade with China now finding its way to and coming from Russo-Chinese territory, where the building of railroads and planting of peasant colonies from beyond the Urals has, within a few years, more than quadrupled the demand for our commodities. The jealousy of every European nation has been aroused against us, our commerce with China having risen in the last decade from 2.50 per cent of the total to 15 per cent of the \$330,000,000 worth of Chinese exports and imports, almost equalling that of England, and ahead of any other nation. This gain has been at the expense of our competitors, among whom the fight is now on for the control of the trade of this most populous and wealthy nation of the world, possessing, as it does, one-fourth of the population and one-twelfth of the habitable surface of our globe. It needs but a slight excuse for the nations to assure each other that the time has come when they must agree among themselves upon a final disposition of China; whether it shall be divided into spheres of influence, in which each so-called civilized nation shall have exclusive rights to trade and plunder, or its integrity maintained by international agreement with an open door to all and special privileges to none.

America is the one nation above all others to whom the maintenance of an "Open Door" is most vital; it guarantees her supremacy on the Pacific, and in the Far East it is known as "The American Policy," its active promulgation having marked our decisive entrance into Chinese politics.

Fortunately our providential acquisition of the Philippines has placed us on a footing of equality in Asia with the other Powers, and as Japan's war for the oppressed Koreans worked her salvation, so our fight for Cuba has had far-reaching beneficial results; while Britain's conquest of the African republics has worked only to her detriment and to our advantage, her warships in the Far East being needed elsewhere, leaving America, at a most critical juncture, the predominant naval power in the Pacific.

While in Port Arthur during the summer of 1899, I wondered at the vast military camps spread out beyond the powerful Gibraltar. I did not then understand why 20,000 Russian soldiers were always kept in an encampment about the fortress, little suspecting that before another year would elapse the very officers with whom I chatted in English and broken Russian would lead their men on toward Peking, protected, perhaps, by the American men-of-war I had seen celebrating the Fourth of July in the Japanese port, where forty years before Commodore Perry had opened the Mikado's kingdom to the commerce of the world, the date of which opening is now celebrated as a Japanese holiday.

Peking is less than 300 miles from Port Arthur. Scores of transports and Russian warships are always to be seen hovering about the latter port, while at Tien-tsin, the outpost of the Chinese capital, the Russian flag is the most common, and the commerce of the port is passing into the hands of Russians and Americans; the Czar's great Trans-Asian railroad alone chartering six ocean steamers to bring lumber from Oregon to this port, while shiploads of machinery from New York and our Pacific States are constantly arriving at the Russianized cities of the Pechili Gulf, to say nothing of some \$6,000,000 worth of opium that now goes into this section to feed Russian troops, and is being introduced through them to the Chinese.

Since the prosperity of Manchuria, brought about by the building of the Russian railway, has begun, our exports of

cotton goods have increased by leaps and bounds, until now one-third of our entire exports of this fabric find their way into Manchuria and Northern Asia. When it is understood that the success of the "Boxers," whose avowed object is to drive all foreigners out of China and once more shut its doors to their commerce, would cause three-fourths of the recently established cotton mills in our Southern States to close, besides costing the manufacturers of the Pacific and Eastern States the loss of \$20,000,000, it can readily be seen that it is our policy to join hands with the most powerful, friendly Power in the Far East to avert this catastrophe.

Japan, it is true, could give us the required aid, as far as a military force of occupation is concerned, but Japan is our one great rival in the Far East. We are rapidly driving English manufacturers out of the market they have long monopolized, but Japan threatens to usurp our recently acquired place in the very near future. Russia, not being a manufacturing nation, has relied on us to supply the material for her Asiatic railways, and the machinery for the development of her new possessions in the Far East, so that our interests in China have become interwoven. Our warships and the Russian army transports appear to have been the first to arrive at the scene of trouble, which might have been quickly terminated but for Japan's protest against the landing of 11,000 Cossacks at Tien-tsin, the Mikado's advisers knowing too well that, once Russian troops entered Peking, the occupancy would be permanent.

From Port Arthur, where the American-built railroad from St. Petersburg ends, another Russian railway constructed solely with American material, and equipped with Yankee locomotives, is now completed to the very gates of the Chinese capital, so that by transport or rail along the coast for many miles, within sight and protecting distance of the American and European fleets, a constant stream of Cossacks can be poured into the city of Peking, despite Japan's protest. Both Japan and Russia have designs on Northern China, and it may yet come to a choice of the lesser of two evils.

With the uprising of the "Boxers," the fierce light of publicity became focused upon Russia in China, and it was discovered to the world that her steel rails already practically connect the great military ports of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and that Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, is but a Russian military post on the line of her Trans-Asian railway, along the eastern section of which is an army of 200,000 soldiers, ready to be poured into China proper, a force sufficient to quell any uprising. Should this force, however, for any reason, prove insufficient, the Czar would have an excellent excuse for testing the military value of his newly constructed railroad from St. Petersburg to Peking. Already transport trains can be sent from Moscow, at the rate of several a day, to Stretensk on the Amour, every seven miles of the distance switches having been constructed, so that all commerce can be sidetracked and the military trains run through, night and day, without delay. In twelve days the first train leaving St. Petersburg is due at Stretensk; here the soldiers are transferred to the hundreds of Government steamers and barges which can be mobilized to convey the army down the Amour to Khabarovsk, a six-day trip. From Khabarovsk to Peking the road is now practically completed, and by the time the first train from St. Petersburg arrived at Khabarovsk it could go on to the Chinese capital, a trip of about five days, making twenty-four days in all, and, as the Russian soldiers are accustomed to sleep in their clothes on the floors of the box-cars, the number transported per train would be quadruple that usual in other countries.

It is estimated that the adherents of the new rebellion in China number 12,000,000 men, and that the Chinese army is in sympathy with the movement; which is more than probable, as the "Boxers," or Ye Ho Chuan Society, is in favor of the Manchurian dynasty, the Manchu soldiers constituting the great hereditary military body of China.

The present Dowager Empress is, of course, a Manchu lady, and was the wife of the Chinese emperor who, in 1860, under circumstances similar to those now existing, fled from Peking at the approach of the French and English. For the past forty years she has been the real autocrat of the Chinese Empire, nominating and deposing infant rulers at will. With the army, she is in sympathy with the object of the "Boxers," and would gladly see all foreigners expelled from her Empire. Another secret society, the Bow Wong Wui, although weak in numbers, has done much to stir up the present trouble. Its members have agitated for reforms and seek to reinstate the progressive young Emperor, recently deposed by his august aunt, in punishment for introducing modern improvements all through his domain.

The nearest American possession is still 500 miles from China, but what changes may be wrought as the results of

the revolution no one can at present foretell. But nations once started upon the road of expansion seldom turn back while national vigor lasts. In self-defence, and to save her commerce in the Far East, America may yet be compelled to abandon her policy of self-exclusion from the continent of Asia and have forced upon her a liberal slice of China. Several European nations would much prefer this to the open door, which in time would give us practically all of China's trade, richer far than that of all the Indies.

At present, Russia desires only the great, thinly populated, outlying tributary provinces of China, which contain but a ninth part of the 400,000,000 of population, but three-fourths of the land area of the Celestial Empire. These provinces Russia needs for her overflowing population, which increases at the rate of two million souls annually, the Czar to-day ruling over more white persons than any other monarch past or present. Gradually the scattered Mongol tribes of Northern and Western China will be assimilated by the Slav, as have been the yellow natives of Siberia, and then will come the greed for those thickly peopled portions of China which can be useful only to a commercial nation, able to supply their wants. Until Russia does become a great manufacturing nation, she will be quite willing to urge us on to commercial supremacy in China, keeping in the meanwhile, however, a tight hold upon the political reins; for when the final hour for the break-up of China does arrive, Russia would prefer to deal with a Power separated from her by the broad Pacific than with several overwhelming armies in adjacent Europe.

With Russia encroaching upon the territorial and America upon the commercial spheres of all other nations in China, much as we may abhor the suggestion, unless matters take a decided change in the near future America may yet find herself outwitted by the astute Slav, and forced into an "understanding" with the Czar as to respective interests in China.

So far, Russian aggression in Asia has worked only to our enormous advantage. Our exports into Manchuria have increased by leaps and bounds, while those of other nations, England especially, have shrunk almost out of sight. What British statesmen and commercial men have feared for years is now being brought about.

Recently, an enlightened British editorial writer stated that America, standing at the head of the world's producers of steel, with her vast railway system all but completed, must soon find some other use for her surplus steel. He prophesied that the new outlet would be in the building of steel ships, and that America was destined to soon become the great ship-building nation of the world. He might have prophesied further, and with equally accurate foresight, that the Russian invasion of China would be the first step toward the bringing about of that happy day for American pride when her own ships shall once more carry her commerce on the high seas.

It was the developing of Manchuria and Northern China by Russia that caused our exports to the Celestial Kingdom to more than double, so that to-day there are not ships enough on the Pacific to transport the freight on our western coast awaiting shipment to Asia. To facilitate this enormous and rapidly increasing trade, the Great Northern Railway is building in America the two largest ocean steamships ever constructed. These will fly our flag, and reduce freight rates to China fully fifty per cent, thereby establishing permanently our commercial supremacy on the Pacific. Other great railroad systems in America will be compelled to build ships to compete with the Great Northern, and we need then no longer fear competition in Asia with European nations who, even under existing conditions, are forced to give way before the advance of our commodities and manufactures.

Five years of sustained effort on our part to secure the Chinese market, such as is put forth by every European nation, would give us a monopoly of exports to Pacific Asia. It is in spite of the fact that we have no direct line of steamships to Northern Asia that we have succeeded so marvelously there, Chefoo and the three Russianized ports of Port Arthur, New Chwang and Tien-tsin being worth more to us than all the other eighteen treaty ports of China combined.

In Shantung, south of Pechili Gulf, Germany will soon find means to exclude our exports, as she has from every other colony she possesses; already she has refused to permit an American syndicate to build a railroad along the further edge of this province, although compelled to compromise later with an English company.

In North China, both the Germans and the English publish trade papers, while we are still unrepresented in this way, although we control the export trade of that region. We alone of the great nations have no bank in China, doing much of our business through the multitudinous branches of the Russo-Chinese Bank. Owing to the negligence of American and other foreign merchants in not learning Chinese, they

THE AUTHOR OF "RUSSO-AMERICAN POWER IN CHINA" IS PECULIARLY QUALIFIED TO DISCUSS A CRITICAL SITUATION THAT NOW SEEMS DESTINED TO INVOLVE THE PRINCIPAL GOVERNING POWERS OF THE WORLD. MR. FORD WENT TO CHINA SEVERAL YEARS AGO TO FURTHER THE INTERESTS OF AN AGGRESSIVE AMERICAN RAILROAD CORPORATION WHICH HAD SECURED VALUABLE CONCESSIONS FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT. AS A RESULT OF HIS LONG RESIDENCE IN THE ZONE OF DISSENSION AND CLOSE STUDY OF THE COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES OPEN TO AMERICAN ENTERPRISE HE HAS BECOME AN ACKNOWLEDGED AUTHORITY ON THE TERRITORIAL AND COMMERCIAL ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.—EDITOR



DISCUSSING RELIEF MEASURES



IN THE QUARANTINE LINES



A CLIQUE OF COOLIES



RECEIVING HER DAILY ALLOWANCE OF MILK



IN THE HEART OF THE CHINESE DISTRICT



THE GAMBLER AND THE MERCHANT



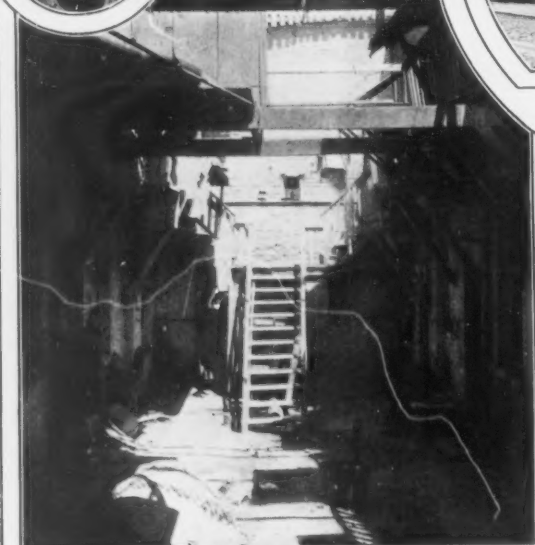
RAG PICKERS' ALLEY



FUEL FOR CHINATOWN



DOCTORS' TENTS ON THE BORDER OF THE PLAGUE DISTRICT



A BLIND ALLEYWAY IN CHINATOWN

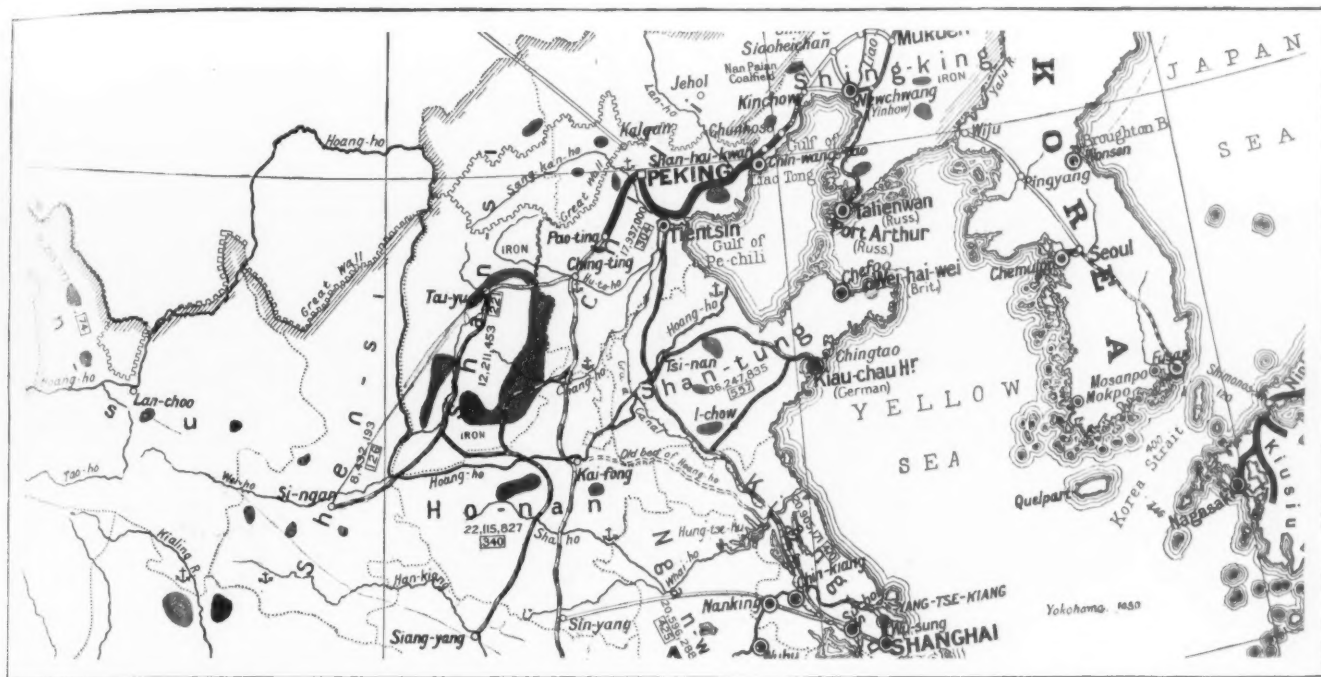


A TYPICAL CHINESE WOMAN



STOREKEEPERS IN A STATE OF IDLENESS

SCENES IN THE QUARANTINED CHINESE QUARTER OF SAN FRANCISCO



MAP OF THE SEAT OF DISTURBANCE IN CHINA—The broad black line shows railway now in operation. The unevenly shaded lines show probable routes of railways through foreign spheres of influence, for which concessions have been granted. The open figures indicate the population of the provinces and the inclosed figures the density of population to the square mile. The black spots indicate coal fields

have become the sub-agents of their compradors—clever Chinamen, once employed as translators between the merchant and the Celestials, but now recognized by their countrymen as the real agents, while the actual employer is looked upon merely as an assistant to fill the comprador's orders. In fact, John Chinaman would not dare deal with the white merchant directly, for in China labor unions are more perfectly organized than anywhere else in the world. There is no trade, no matter how humble, not subject to the laws of a guild. No one knows who its officers are, but quickly, from mouth to mouth, the edicts go forth, and they are never disobeyed. The Guild of the Compradors is one of the most powerful in China.

Quickly the Chinese have adopted civilized methods and are beginning to compete with us. Chinese merchants have learned to charter vessels and out-trade their former employers. In ten years they have stretched telegraph wires to every part of the Empire, they have millions invested in cotton mills, mining machinery and railroads. Their influence has been successfully exerted toward having the rivers of the Yang-tse-Kiang opened up to the world, so that the history of the Yang-tse-Kiang is now being repeated on other waterways all through the Empire.

Great bodies are necessarily slow to move, but once an initiative is given and inertia is overcome the onward movement rapidly accumulates force. It is not to be expected that China, with its 400,000,000 people, will be developed as rapidly as was Japan, with but a tenth of that population, and no part of its territory a hundred miles from the ocean. In China, along the coast or on the rivers long opened to foreign commerce and influences, marvellous changes have taken place. Thousands of miles from the ocean, the electric light has become so familiar that it no longer excites native curiosity. The leaves of enlightenment is at work all through the Empire, and with the building of the 40,000 miles of railway now projected to cover like a network the most populous parts of China, tapping every navigable waterway, a market vast and remunerative will be opened up to our products.

Hitherto our exports have been confined almost exclusively to coast cities and a few treaty ports on the Yang-tse-Kiang; two insurmountable obstacles prevented their getting very far inland: first, lack of proper modes of transportation, every piece of goods being carried on the backs of coolies or in wheelbarrows over the most abominable roads that exist anywhere in the world; secondly, on account of the living tax, which is levied every few miles by local Mandarins, so that it is impossible, even in times of famine, to transport the surplus grain of one district to the famine-stricken population of an adjoining territory.

The advent of the railroad is already changing these conditions. In Northern China, American locomotives steam in and out of Peking. The 500 miles of Imperial railway and the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria, built by the Russians, have already poured millions of dollars into America, and, of the \$400,000,000 yet to be spent on the construction of Chinese railways we will get the lion's share, for no other nation can compete with us in the manufacture of tools, rails and railway equipment.

Our success in Northern China will be repeated all through the Empire. Ten years ago but one store in China carried a line of American canned goods; now they are to be procured of native dealers in every hamlet. In 1890 there were no telegraph wires in China; now they radiate from Peking and connect the capital with every centre of the present disturbance. There was but one line of steamships plying between Shanghai and America; now there are eight, while several others are projected and will begin operation in the more northern waters, upon the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

It is the sudden activity of Russia and America in China that more than any other cause has contributed to the present uprising. It has been most forcibly brought home to the Celestials in the northern provinces that China is in a state of transition. Strangely enough, America is called upon to play a leading part in the suppression of the present uprising against enlightenment, as she was involuntarily drawn into the Taiping Rebellion, forty years ago, when an American,

Ward, led the forces against the Government for a time, going so far as to aspire to the throne after turning renegade and attempting to persuade Chinese Gordon to establish a new monarchy.

The "Boxers" represent the lingering embers of the great Taiping Rebellion, now again fanned into flames. With their annihilation by the great Powers, "Young China" will rise supreme and at once proceed with its programme for the regeneration of China. The richest coal and iron mines in the world will be opened up, a complete system of rail and river transportation established, and mills, foundries and factories will spring up all over the Empire. Excellent coal is even now sold at thousands of inland mines at thirteen cents a ton, and iron ore at a proportionately low figure. With the completion of the projected railroads, the distinction of being the great steel-producing nation seems destined to pass from America to China. After we have supplied the machinery and equipment for developing the limitless mineral resources of China, she will doubtless be able to supply many commodities so cheaply that no other nation can compete with her; so that the opening up of China, while it will pour vast oceans of wealth into our pockets, is not devoid of serious dangers which threaten future generations. So it behooves us to be active and enrich ourselves now, against the rainy day which seems destined to come upon us after a season of commercial sunshine.

It is not generally known that some years ago an American syndicate, with the aid of an accomplished Russian, almost swept the board in China, coming within an ace of acquiring all the rich railway and mining concessions recently divided up among the nations. It took American nerve to make the stupendous offers which revealed to the waiting world the fact that China was ready to adopt foreign ideas—for a consideration. Li Hung Chang's aid was secured in a promise of \$50,000,000, and the contracts were signed, but the foreign consuls at Peking became jealous and in a body called upon the Tsingli Yamen to protest, and later they divided the concessions among themselves, thus checking, for the time being, the Russo-American advance into China.

To England's share has fallen a concession in Shanse and Honan to mine coal in 71,000 square miles of territory. A capital of \$30,000,000 has been raised, and an Anglo-Italian company will develop these mines, which are the richest in the world. At present this coal sells at a few cents a ton at the mines, but, owing to the enormous cost of transporting by wheelbarrow to the nearest navigable streams, it is impossible to bring it to tide water.

Each nation, for political and strategic purposes, is expending millions of dollars upon the rapid construction of many projected railways; every month adds many miles to the completed sections, yet the commercial value of these highways of traffic far outweigh their political importance. They will go far toward making America the mistress of the Pacific. That they will be remunerative is demonstrated by the fact that the 500 miles of the completed Imperial system pays a dividend of 14 per cent, which is expected soon to be increased to 30 per cent; and this, too, despite the enormous speculations of the officials who collect the profits.

Through Chinese Turkestan from Kashgar, and across the plains of Mongolia from the shores of Lake Baikal, Russia has projected direct lines of railway to the Chinese capital. They will follow the caravan routes, over which nearly 100,000 dromedaries still carry tea and other merchandise for the European market. Over the first of these routes poured Genghis Khan and his millions, who invaded and conquered Russia, so that the Empire of the horde extended from the shores of the Pacific to the Baltic, and from the Indian Ocean to the Arctic—territory which Russia has gradually been reconquering for centuries.

That it will be impossible to maintain an open door in Mongolia and Turkestan is readily conceded by the Powers, but in China proper, from Peking to Tonking, where nine-tenths of the population of the Empire are crowded in about one-fourth its area, a vigorous stand would accomplish the one result that will give us the trade of China. England has no permanent policy. With the advent of each new Ministry she is liable to wobble from "open door" to "sphere of influence," while

Russia, with her 4,000 miles of frontier touching China, with fixed determination steadily advances her territory year by year. We are the nearest great commercial nation, our population in China proper is next to that of Great Britain, although Russia promises soon to numerically overwhelm both nations, so that it is possible that the coming conflict, or alliance, in China will not be between the English and the American, but between the American and the Russian. Russia encourages our trade with China, knowing that it will be generations before she will be able to supply all the needs of her own people in the Orient, much less those of the natives. She has made Northern China a wellspring of wealth for our manufacturers, and invites our merchants to enter freely wherever she goes in Asia. She needs our aid, England and Germany do not.

The Czar, earnest in his leadership of the Peace element, holds a tight rein on the war party, which would precipitate Russia into endless trouble in the Far East, by annexing great populous regions which would be of little value to Russia for many years to come.

The wiser counsels of the Czar seem to prevail, and Russia now absorbs territory only as she needs it for her overflowing population, although the Czar may yet be made to see the necessity of seizing Peking and Lhasa to prevent other nations from securing these cities and ruling China from them.

That the Russianization of China will be eventually accomplished seems inevitable. In a single decade Russia has planted a colony of more than a million souls in her Pacific provinces, besides spending hundreds of millions of rubles in preparing the country for their habitation. Railroads, cities and manufacturing towns have sprung up like magic. Hundreds of steamers have been built to ply the newly-opened Chinese waters. The feverish, powerful activity of Russia has no counterpart in the history of the world. Its greatest danger arises from the fact that at any time the war party at St. Petersburg may predominate, China would be invaded and its military forces would be reorganized into a Russian army; rifles and modern ordnance would take the place of bows and arrows, making China, in its downfall, more than ever a menace to the peace of the world. Despite the fact that a handful of Japanese, well armed, completely routed multitudes of Chinese who relied on caged tigers and fierce masks to frighten off the dwarfs, military commanders of all nations still affirm that the Chinese, under competent officers, make the best fighting material in the world. Like his cousin German, the Russian soldier, the Chinaman is a fatalist by nature; he will go where he is led, company after company being moved down without complaint or in any way damaging the esprit de corps of the army. The supply of food for cannon in China is almost inexhaustible. With the conquest of China the 8,000,000 soldiers of the Czar, who compose the army of Russia when on a war footing, could be increased to 40,000,000 fighting men, most of whom could live inexpensively on a handful of rice a day.

With such an army, Russia could dictate terms to the world, for the Chinese are among the best seamen known; they man the steamship lines between America and China and are fast taking the place of the white tar the world over. Russia, once in possession of China, could soon organize a navy manned by Chinese and officered by Russians. The only form of patriotism evinced by the masses of Chinamen is a burning desire to be on the winning side; so that with China firmly in her grasp, Russia could either make America the richest nation in the world commercially, or she could, with every prospect of success, demand that the open door be transferred from China to our own shores. Russia's aggression in Central China may yet drive us into not only an Anglo-Saxon alliance, but into an alliance with all the Powers of the world against Russia; or it may lead the Eagle into a peaceful commercial alliance with the Bear, despite the growling of the Lion.

But whether we shall be called upon in time to fight for a permanent foothold in China, or merely to grow corpulent and lazy from overfeeding upon the rich feast of crumbs falling from the Russian table, is left for the twentieth century to reveal.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Imperial Volunteers of the City of London, a regiment which has taken an active part in the operations under Lord Roberts against Johannesburg and Pretoria, resting on the veldt. Enlarged from stereoscopic photograph, copyright 1900 by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

With Roberts in South Africa

By JULIAN RALPH

Our Special Correspondent with the British Army

WE HAD BEEN halted for five weeks in Bloemfontein, but it had not been like one of those dreadful bogs of inaction into which we used to get before Lord Roberts took command. We were obliged to stop there because our first supply of horses was exhausted by death, sickness and fatigue. But we have kept good large forces—armies in themselves—busy all the time. First, we had to protect the line of railway which runs up from the Orange River to the capital of the Free State. But for a more or less natural mistake that was made, we might have protected the line with about 6,000 or 7,000 men; but before we had it snug and tight we had to detail nearly 20,000 men to the job.

As soon as we had swept up the southern half of the Free State, we set several divisions of the army at what the officers called "bill-posting"; that is to say, we had them distribute Lord Roberts' proclamation inviting the burghers to surrender their arms, sign a promise not to fight us any more, and receive the priceless benefits of a return of peace and the introduction of just and humane laws. Lord love us, how the Boers did fool us! They flocked to the generals, bringing as queer a collection of ancient, disused and useless guns as you will find in any Chinese arsenal. They surrendered every gun they did not want, but the very, very great majority kept their Mausers. Hundreds upon hundreds signed the peace agreement, and every man and woman, without a known exception, declared himself and herself rejoiced that "the war was over," that the British had won, and that the wretched politician who had sold their country had not been able to deliver it to the Transvaal. To the honest, trustful

British fighting man it all seemed like a fairy tale come true—it was like a marriage festival.

Their eyes were first opened at Thabauch, General French had gone out "bill-posting," straight to the eastward, over toward the Basutoland border. Thabauch is in the shadow of a kopje of uncommon size that looms in sight from Bloemfontein, though it is more than thirty miles away. Colonel Broadwood, with less than 2,000 men of Roberts' Horse, the Mounted Infantry and Colonial troopers, was the man who got the eye-opener. Thabauch is a neat little Dutch town of, say, fifty houses in the midst of a Baralong (negro) "location"—as they call a reservation in these parts. When Broadwood and his men reached the village he was received with the most ardent expressions of welcome. General French had been there a few days before, and not only did the Boers give him a hearty reception, but the Baralongs—who are independent and in comfortable circumstances—rolled into town in their carriages and carts to see the English general. Not only are they not naked and odoriferous, like the Kaffirs, but they are dressed neatly and are very clean.

French thought the Boers were as sincere as the Baralongs, and so did Colonel Broadwood when it came his turn to have a "reception." He and his officers were invited in to take tea with the "best people," and the sweet spirit of the marriage festival appeared to preside over the scene, through which the soldiers almost imagined they could hear the church chiming ringing. While they were having tea and "cookies" in the houses a galloper dashed up to where Colonel Broadwood was and whispered that the Boers, 7,000 strong, were close by and planning to surround him. "Boots and saddles" was the sound that rent the air and drove away the spirit and the harmony of the marriage festival. Every man leaped on his horse and began a dash out of the town for liberty. Then from house windows and garden walls their entertainers let loose a volley of Mauser bullets—these gentlemen who had been so glad to see the British and had made believe to surrender their arms to General French. This episode led to the

ambushing of Broadwood's command in the dry bed of the Corne Spruit, to the capture of his convoy and to the taking of the Bloemfontein waterworks—three exploits that gave a brand-new heart to the Boers all over both republics and led to nearly everything that has kept us busy since we halted in this little capital.

Many thousands of Boers drifted down into the southern part of the State and set to work to punish all the burghers who in a spirit of honesty had given up their Mausers and signed the agreement not to wage war upon the British any longer. There were not very many who had actually seceded, but those that there were caught dreadful punishment for their offence.

It was very hard upon the fair dealing chaps who had played the game squarely, especially as we had promised protection to them. All we can say in self-defence is that no one imagined that the war would break out again behind us. It shows, after all, how lying reacts upon the liar, because, as the armies were received with open arms wherever they went, and as every human being they met professed to be glad they had come, the British generals naturally thought the protestations of friendship were sincere. And when the enemy reappeared in our rear and was offensive, we had all we could do to guard the railway which was bringing us 7,000 Hungarian horses and food and forage for a six months' campaign of an army that was "out of everything." I do not believe that it occurred to a single British officer that those who made peace with us would be persecuted, especially as we heard ever since the first brush with the enemy at Belmont that the Free Staters had no heart in the war, but had been forced into it by Mr. Steyn, who had sold his country for the chance to succeed Krüger when the latter finished his term in office.

We went back into the south and once again "banned the land," as Kipling wrote in a poem we war correspondents first published in "The Friend," the daily newspaper which, at Lord Roberts' request, was run by Percival London of the London "Times," H. A. Gwynne of "Reuters," F. W.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Bivouac of the Royal Munster Artillery in the environs of a Transvaal settlement occupied by a detachment of Lord Roberts' army during the advance on Pretoria. Enlarged from stereoscopic photograph, copyright 1900 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Kruger's Flight from Pretoria

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

Buxton of the Johannesburg "Star" and myself—the most unique, eccentric and altogether remarkable newspaper ever run in this world. It lasted thirty days before we were relieved by a regular newspaper corps, at our request, and to-day the issues first sold at two cents a copy are worth five dollars each or one hundred and fifty dollars for the set.

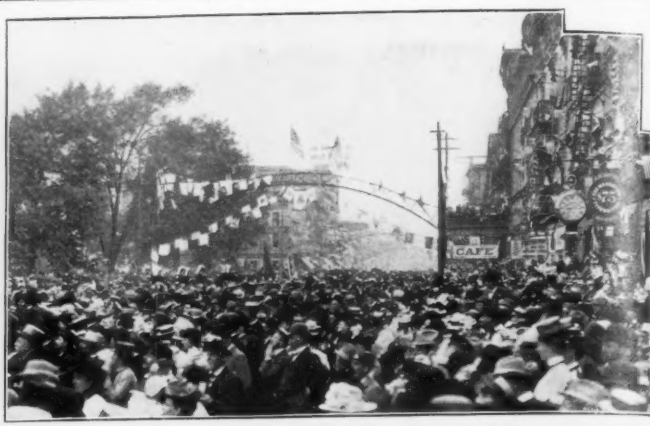
Tommy Atkins and Company have been inspired with perfect confidence and good-humor by that wizard leader, the Field Marshal, Lord Roberts. They say that Wellington was popular, and we remember the idolatry spent upon "Little Mac" and then upon General Grant in our Civil War; but there has not been in modern times any man with the magnetic power of Lord Roberts over soldiers. His lifelong service all over the British world, his many wounds, his sympathy with "Tommy," and his exemplary bearing, all have combined to make him a sort of military god. The generals and colonels of the army feel toward him precisely as Mr. Atkins does—they do not admit that he can fail or even make a mistake—and that of late years has been sufficient to secure his success with any force he commands. He is, as Napoleon was before he went to Russia, the commander of the hearts as well as the bodies of his troops. A scrupulously neat, modest, quiet little man, without a decoration or a frill, he goes about praising and punishing, listening and questioning—living like a plain man of the ranks and acknowledging the salute of every private. He is the dull gray retiring head of a staff of dukes and earls so impressive that you would not think he would be considered among them, yet no one in the army gives a thought to them, while all hang anxiously upon the slightest movement of the facial muscles of "Little Mac." And what does he think of our present situation and our outlook? Upon the answer to that question depends more than I could explain in ten times the length of this article. Success or long-drawn-out repetitions of costly disasters and petty victories depend upon it. What he thinks I can tell you. "It is all as I would have liked to order it," he thinks and says; "the more they send against us here the less there'll be in front of us when we move."

IT WAS a pathetic sight that day when the old Boer President, accompanied by the faithful partner of his life, weighted with years, the sorrow of defeat and the cares of State, went down to the railway station to quit his capital amid the demonstrations of grief and tears of his people. How, as the train steamed out of the station to take him with his Executive beyond the reach of the advancing Conqueror, must the aged and rugged leader have gone back in his thoughts to the days when, but a boy of ten years, he with his family and people started out on the Great Trek to escape from under the shadow of the British flag, only to find himself, at the nearing end of a life of perpetual conflict, once more in flight before the symbol of a relentless domination. The dangers and horrors of the trek through Natal, when, as acting commandant at the age of fifteen, he and his men stood between the raging Zulu hordes and all that was precious to them in the laagers they defended, must have risen before him. And how bitter must have been his reflections as Pretoria receded from his view, and he found himself alone with all his responsibilities toward the little people that had grown from a handful of wearied trekkers who had gone into the great African veldt to build up a free and independent nation. There have been few more touching scenes recorded in history, and none, perhaps, that contained within themselves the germs of greater events—possibly one of those tragedies such as have changed the face of the world.

But we must leave President Kruger in his railway carriage, absorbed in his country's troubles, to glance at the impressions of a traveller who journeyed to the Transvaal, by the French Messageries Maritimes steamer *Gironde*, from Europe in March last, on the same voyage on which she took out the well-known Irish agitator, Mr. Michael Davitt, who went to South Africa ostensibly as a journalist. The *Gironde* was sometimes the object of inquisition by British cruisers

keeping watch outside Delagoa Bay; sometimes she passed in without seeing a war vessel. All depended on the reports sent ahead of her by cable from Beira by the British spies who form a regular part of the passenger list of vessels bound for the Portuguese port of entry for the Transvaal. On the particular occasion in question there was no incident. It is true, there was ammunition deep down in the forehold, but the spies in white duck suits seemed to prefer the breezy after-deck and the refreshing brandies-and-sodas, and it was not until ten hours after the arrival of the *Gironde* at Lorenzo Marquez that the British consul learned that the contraband had passed beyond his reach.

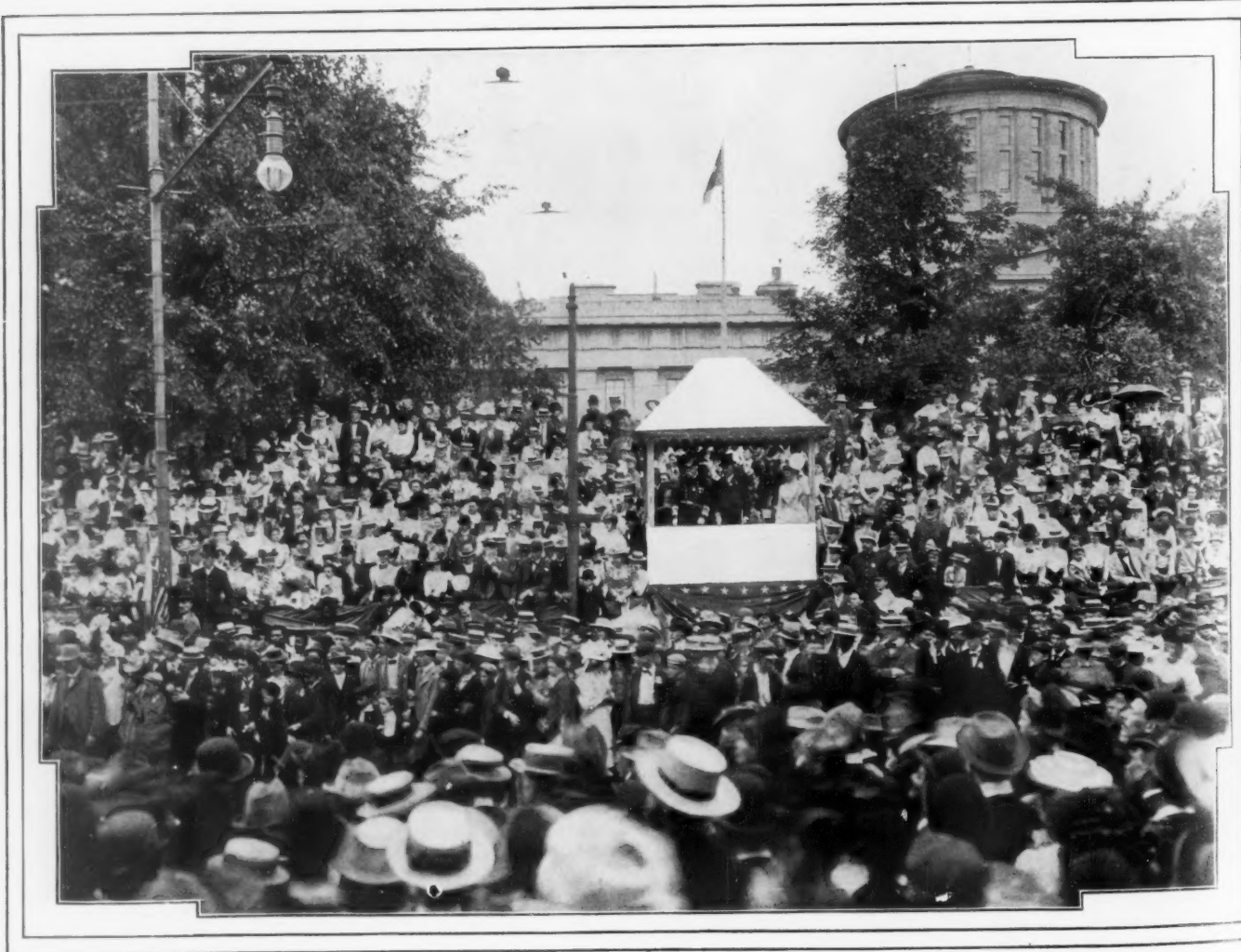
Red tape and what is familiarly known as palm oil are described as hampering the movements and obscuring the vision of the Portuguese officials charged with the examination of passports. There is much apparent severity in the carrying out of the regulations by all concerned, but foreign consuls and Portuguese functionaries alike generally seem to find that the most obvious discrepancies of description and explanation, as in the case of the young Irishmen with French names, but unable to speak French, were reconcilable with truth, and were allowed to pass. A little patience, five different perfunctory oaths as to one's intentions, and about fifteen dollars in cash, are, according to our observer, about all that is necessary to carry one from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria in thirty-six hours. The journey by train across the level fever belt to Komatipoort, where Transvaal custom-house officials go through the ceremony of confiscating arms found on suspected travellers, and examining passports and sending back to Portuguese territory those who do not have the proper documents, brings the traveller up to the healthy plateau. Like others, he discovered that the Boers are not as black as painted by their enemies. He found that they are not savages, that they do not hate Englishmen nor Americans, and that their republic is a real republic. The best comparison he can make is, that they are the counterpart of the Dutch of Southern Pennsylvania and Ohio—a God-fearing, industrious and contented people.



HIGH STREET, THE CHIEF THOROUGHFARE IN COLUMBUS, LOOKING NORTH AND SOUTH



THE ADMIRAL (X) THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE COLUMBUS CLUB



THE REVIEWING BOOTH. TO THE LEFT OF ADMIRAL DEWEY STANDS GOVERNOR NASH AND NEXT TO HIM MRS. DEWEY

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VISIT TO COLUMBUS, OHIO, DURING HIS RECENT TOUR OF THE WEST

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THE REAL SITUATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

By FREDERICK PALMER, our Special Correspondent

MANILA, P. I.

BISHOP POTTER is a great ecclesiastic; but I doubt if a great ecclesiastic is any better authority than a minor ecclesiastic on bucking bronchos or guerilla warfare. After loitering home by way of Suez, the Bishop told the reporters that the rebellion was crushed. His visit to the islands lasted less than ten days. He came in the coolest and pleasantest month of the year; in the tourist month, December. The limit of his observation was Manila as seen in the only comfortable way to see it—from a victoria.

At the time—I arrived on my second visit to the islands just as he was departing—the outlook was the most hopeful it has ever been. Aguinaldo was fleeing in the mountains of Benguet from the columns of Howse and Hare; our garrisons were spending everywhere throughout the northern provinces of Luzon and we heard nothing of them being attacked. It seemed as if we had whipped the power of resistance out of the insurgents and that in a few months they would drift back into the ways of peace. We spoke of the future cheerily as a period of reconstruction.

My first journey out of Manila took me to the Cagayan Valley, and to the provinces of the northwest coast, occupied by General Young's brigade. Outside of the mountains there was no evidence of an enemy in either region. In Ilocos I rode along a country highway unescorted in places where it is not safe to go now with less than a half-dozen men. The people courtesied to you from their windows and stepped to one side to say "Morning, morning"—all the English they knew—as they passed. They offered us presents. They refused to accept pay for services.

"Here are a simple, industrious, pastoral folk," I said to myself. "If dealt with justly they will cause us no trouble. The information which General Otis received was correct. They are our friends. They have no use for Aguinaldo and his Tagalogs. We have relieved them from the tyranny of the mestizos."

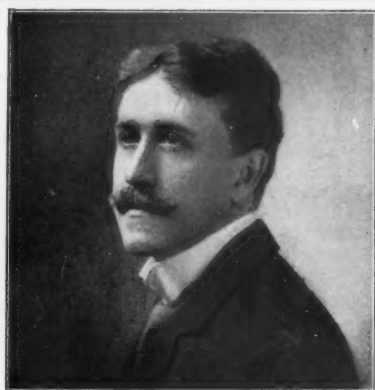
I was happy in thinking of the benevolence of my country. After all, in the end good was to come out of the sweating, the fighting and the blood-letting.

General Young was bitter about his lack of interpreters and the machinery for the conduct of civil government. He could not talk to the people and had no means of understanding them, or they of understanding him. But the great point was that the General and all his officers were convinced of their friendliness. Since then he has felt the claws under the cushioned paws of native docility. Nearly half of his garrisons have been attacked in force. The one valuable presidente elected under the supervision of our officers has been assassinated. Whether it is in burning towns over our heads or slashing our outposts with bolos, the people have become possessed of the very devil.

My next journey was with General Kobbé to occupy the two southernmost provinces of Luzon, Albay and Sorsogon, and the adjacent islands of Samar and Leyte. The people of Albay and Sorsogon are Vicols; of Samar and Leyte, Visayans; both supposed to dislike the Tagalogs and to resent the rule of Aguinaldo's agents. A small insurgent garrison, reported to have only a hundred rifles, went out of Sorsogon as our fleet appeared before the town. The people received us with open arms. When our troops advanced from Sorsogon to other garrisons, the insurgents began harassing them so actively that they found themselves quite unable to patrol the country to which they were assigned. Buluan and Donsol, two very small ports, also in Sorsogon Province, were next occupied. At Buluan there had never been any insurgent garrison. Under the rule of their own elected presidente the people were as undisturbed and peaceful as the people of a New England village. At Donsol we drove a dozen insurgents from the heights above the town. But within a few days they appeared in force; and ever since, our two companies stationed at Donsol have been continually besieged. Buluan's single company, which looked forward to two years' humming inactivity, according to the latest reports is having all that it can attend to in keeping the neighborhood quiet.

At Legaspi, in Albay Province, our landing was disputed by a hundred and fifty rifles and three or four hundred bow-and-arrow men. The insurgent killed was forty-five, wounded fifteen. We got a half-dozen rifles and bushels of bows and arrows. Albay, the capital of the province, two miles in the interior, was occupied on the same day without resistance. Albay and Legaspi were besieged for three weeks; in one sense, are besieged now. In an attack the insurgents actually got into the streets of the capital. Colonel Howe himself came up from his regimental headquarters at Sorsogon to take command of the garrison at Albay in person; and two guns and a battalion of the Fortieth, under Colonel Godwin, were sent as reinforcements.

The next important expedition, that of General Bates to the Camarines, I did not accompany. It occupied the capital, Nueva Caceres, without much fighting. Detachments which made several rapid marches through the surrounding country had a few small engagements. Later, when I was at Nueva Caceres on my way with General Bates's expedition for the garrisoning of North Mindanao, Colonel Dorst of the Forty-



FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT IN THE ORIENT, NOW IN CHINA TO REPORT THE "BOXER" INSURRECTION

fifth was finding no foe to interrupt his march through to Albay. But we knew that insurgent bands were scattered in hiding throughout the region and that they were ready to begin their harassing operations as soon as we settled down in garrisons and our numbers were reduced. Brigadier-General J. M. Bell, the governor of the Southern Camarines, was naturally loth to give up the Fortieth Regiment, which General Bates was taking to North Mindanao. We occupied five ports on the north coast of Mindanao without firing a shot. Cagayan was the only one where the nature of the country and the inhabitants of the interior would permit an insurgent force to harass us. The insurgent garrison there evacuated upon our approach. Our information was to the effect that they would come in and deliver up their arms in a day or two. Instead, they made such a determined attack that we lost four killed and eight wounded in driving them off.

On the threshold of General MacArthur's administration as Governor-General it is unfair to him to say that the islands are pacified. He is taking charge of affairs at the beginning of the rainy season, when the last of the 65,000 men have been assigned and there is a call for reinforcements from many quarters; when a far bigger percentage of the men are sick than General Otis cares to have announced in official reports; when the outlook is that some of our outlying garrisons will have to be evacuated, because the mules sent here by the Government to be used for transportation purposes have been idle in the corral instead of being employed in sending supplies over roads which are impassable for animals or carts in the rainy season.

For my part it seems that the time has come when the people at home should know the truth of the situation here. The time is past when its concealment takes any comfort away from the enemy. No fact, admitted by us, would be as valuable to the insurgent leaders in keeping up the spirits of their following as the tales of their own invention; the withdrawal of some of our garrisons, which has already begun, and the resultant failure of a mistaken policy of self-sufficiency. In all my talks with field officers during the last month I have received only one impression—that our present force under present methods is inadequate. However astounding the deficits in these islands for the next ten years will be to the people at home, there is still the opportunity to put some limit to our extravagance if we cease sugar-coating unpleasant truths at once.

When the army as a whole is discouraged at the outlook it means a great deal. Election or no election, such discouragement must impart itself to the nation—even as it did a year ago, at the last moment, when there was no time left adequately to drill and organize reinforcements—and the nation will have to respond. We realize now what we did not realize in January, that the majority of the natives in all parts of the archipelago are determined to harass our troops to the bitter end. The masses hate us as foreigners and misunderstand our racial characteristics, while the leaders seem to possess unbending confidence that if they can keep up a show of resistance they can drive us to grant them independence. In order to assert our authority over as much territory as the Spanish dominated we need twenty thousand more troops. A goodly proportion of these should be mounted. What we need more are soldiers such as the regulars who went up San Juan Hill—to behave themselves and not to fight. The fighting is quite the simplest part of the duties of our garrisons.

It is too late now to talk of giving up the islands. Whether they are the "greatest gold brick on record," as officers sometimes refer to them, or the Eldorado of the "expansionist"

pamphleteers, is beside the question. There is no native government to which we could turn them over, if we wanted to. Aguinaldo's army is scattered in bands which are far more powerful against us than his main army ever was. Our patrols are continually attacked. No highway is safe for a supply train unless it is well guarded. Outside of the garrison towns our inability to protect life and property is undeniable.

Through the very presidentes whom we elect, our little brown enemy gets his taxes for insurrecto purposes almost as regularly as he did in the days before the outbreak of the rebellion, when all of the islands were under the organization of Aguinaldo. A town occupied by us, which refuses to pay its quota of insurgent taxes, knows the penalty. A band of insurrectos will sneak up on it at night and rake it with a few volleys, regardless of the women and children who are asleep. If you want to protect your women and children, say the insurgent agitators to the people, then furnish your share of silver and rice to the brave Katipunans who are fighting to free you from the rule of the drunken foreigner. No band which attacks under the cover of darkness carries long after our soldiers are out of their cots and in a position to begin firing. It is not the business of the band to fight. By making a stand it would lose its rifles, which it can use to better purpose in frustrating us in other ways. Before daylight it may be miles away, or its members may have simply hidden their rifles and dispersed. Without their rifles they are humble husbandmen in white shirt and breeches who can come into town unrecognized and ask the people—if they are going to pay their taxes, *now*. If there be a few friendly natives who know them to be insurgents they take care not to tell us, lest they arouse the vengeance of the Katipunans. New members of the Katipunan secret society are being sworn in under our very noses in Manila and most of the towns in Luzon every day.

If we cannot protect our allies in the towns, you can readily understand how helpless we are to protect our allies who live outside the towns. A detachment of infantry or of cavalry marches along a road lined with bamboos and nipa huts and the natives see no more of them for a week or even two weeks. If one of the residents should ask the commander of the detachment if he could protect him and his household from the ladrones, the commander would have to admit that he could not. (That admission is now as fatal a confession to the natives as our continual evacuation of the towns which we occupied was a year ago.) A ladron with rifle in hand may be hiding only two or three hundred yards away at the time. When the big white soldiers, perspiring and gritting the dust between their teeth, have gone by, the ladron steps out and his rifle makes him master of the situation again. He laughs at the idea of giving it up to Uncle Sam in return for thirty dollars in gold. He loves it and he coddles it as if it were a living thing. He despises the white soldier for getting drunk. He hates the white soldier because the white soldier calls him a "nigger" and despises him. The white soldier hates him because, instead of making a stand-up fight, the little brown man keeps the big white man on a wearying round of police duty. Those at home who think that the war is over ought to know, if they do not already know, that our officers and men are undergoing torment that is worse than war. Circumstances and the climate seem to put a fever of killing into the men's blood, and few of the band which a detachment is able to surround, except where the officers interfere, escape alive. Instances of the killing of from fifty to a hundred natives without any loss of life on our part are becoming almost frequent. It depends upon the temper of the officers whether or not a so-called engagement shall degenerate into sheer murder. It is the regular officers, who went up San Juan Hill, who have served on the Western plains, who most often give the native the benefit of the doubt. After a "killing," where the innocent fall with the guilty, the native agitators say to the inhabitants:

"You know this man, you know that man. They were not insurrectos, yet the Americans have killed them—the Americans who say that they have come here to save us from tyranny. They mean to exterminate us."

I have heard men new to the uniform of the United States and civilian appointees of the United States advocate the extermination of the race as the quickest way out of the difficulty, inasmuch as the Chinese make much better coolies. It is to prevent the consummation of this mockery of our original intention that more troops and well-drilled troops are needed. Our rule cannot stand for law and order until we preserve it. We must have friends among the natives in order to rule the archipelago economically. We must make friends by appealing to self-interest. The best possible thing is that every citizen of the United States would consider that there is no election next November when he turns to the questions at stake here. Fathers with political influence would also serve their country by realizing that police work in garrison towns, requiring patience and a steady grind of work in separating good natives from bad, is very wearing and very important to our interests, and that a commission in a volunteer army is a poor instrument of reform for a wayward son.



The Outlaw

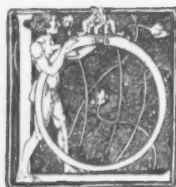
Being the Narration of a Portion of the Career of
Oliver Challen, Captain R.A.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

AUTHOR OF "GALLOPING DICK," "THE WEB OF A SPIDER," ETC., ETC.

DRAWINGS BY C. HARDING

III—THE OAK CHEST



UNCASTS see strange things, stranger even than the officers of the law whose task it is to mark, trace and control those departures from the normal course of society which characterize our great cities. The eyes of the dark are bright eyes; and the records of the night are as innumerable as those of the day, and far more wonderful. I have been the witness of many curious episodes, in that part of my life

from which I am picking a few of the more striking incidents; and some have been pitiful, and many have been tragic, and most have been sordid. Several, indeed, would tax the faith of those who have no personal knowledge of the sights and scenes of nocturnal London. And perhaps this story of the woman, Chatterton, and the oak chest comes into the category. If I am believed, well; but if not, no matter.

It will take a wail floating upon London town some three or four months, or even longer, to become habituated to the fears and the alarms to which he is necessarily subject; but he is fortunate if in twice that time he has learned the limits and the possibilities of his prison. To come down to the life of a vagabond and to fit into it is not achieved so easily. A barrister is content to spend many years in acquiring a knowledge of his profession; a soldier, as I know, would think himself lucky if after twenty years he were sure of his calling. And, in the same way, a vagrant, a beggar, a fugitive from justice, must practice a long apprenticeship on the streets. It was six months ere I began to find my way about, and even then I was constantly meeting with surprises which no old hand would have experienced. Long since had I pawned all my changes of dress, and my tweed garments were grievously worn and soiled. I had grown to take on the air of the homeless. I moved with a slouch, with a roving inquisitive eye, divided between the pavement and the traffic in the roads. There was always something practicable from the streets—a cab to be followed, a horse to be held, a carriage door to be opened—and sometimes even, by the grace of fortune, a piece of silver to be picked up, amid the press of vehicles. I had grown callous now to the police. A beard had sprung on my chin, and I was in no fear of recognition. It was with quite another anxiety that I kept an eye open for the constable, but I knew pretty well how best he might be evaded, and to what point of toleration and indifference he would go. I was cunning in judging him, and I took a hint—like the most expert "sharp"—at the right moment, and not foolishly too soon.

At times, however, my ingenuity and my patience failed me, and I starved; I have gone without food for two whole days, but never longer. Something would invariably turn up and change my fortunes. I could rely upon it implicitly, and (had it not been for the pangs of hunger) comfortably. I suppose that the doctrine of averages applies even to the miserable chances of the streets. Yet it so happened that I had eaten nothing all day on that evening when I met the woman Chatterton. It was somewhere about twelve o'clock of a dark but soft June night, and I was making my way toward Battersea across the river, feeling thoroughly tired and hungry. I had the thought of sleeping in a yard I had discovered close by the Park, so as to turn into that fresh green paradise in the earliest morning hours. The parks take rank variously with outcasts like us; and in general it is Hyde Park or Regent's Park that is most favored. But I had my fancy for Battersea—perhaps owing to some secret fear that I should be recognized by an acquaintance in the more frequented gardens, and my shame and my crime published to the world. I crossed the bridge and crept down by the river, among a disorder of tiles and brick-work. Presently after I stood out upon the shelving bank that leads down to the water, and before turning off to my surreptitious lair cast one glance toward the dull lights of Chelsea. Against the low fires of the Embankment a figure was sharply delineated, and it was a woman. I asked myself with no particular curiosity what she did there upon the brink of the river so late; but the next second I started, ran forward, and leaping across the obstacles between us, suddenly and unexpectedly caught her by the shoulder.

She had not heard my advance, and she turned swiftly, with a great gasp and a wild ejaculation of terror. She struggled and almost fell out of my clutch into the water; and in the act of struggling her cloak was torn open, and disclosed her bare arms and bosom, gleaming even in the dim light. I had acted merely upon impulse, and with no reason. What was it to me if one poor creature more had wearied, and desired peace? I would not in my reasoning moments have put out the hand to arrest the suicide from death. Yet I had stepped involuntarily between this woman and what she asked for; and now, as, under the starlight and with the glimmer from the silent water below, I peered together some picture of her face, and found she was young and handsome to the eyes, and of a class with which that desperate and is not wont to be associated, the impulse to preserve her grew still stronger.

"What are you doing?" she asked, in a voice that was low and tremulous, yet rang with music.

"It is I who should ask you that," I replied gravely. She made no answer, but I observed her to shudder deeply, and she withdrew herself from my touch.

"You need fear nothing now," she said presently; "the impulse has gone."

"You will go home?" I asked.

"I will go home," she said dully.

There was an interval of silence. I scarcely knew what next to do. I did not believe her; there was no hope in her voice. Yet I felt again a strong desire to save her. Hers was no common case, such as we, wanderers of the night, grow to observe with indifferent eyes.

"I will see you leave the river," I said at last.

"Good heaven, man!" she cried, suddenly breaking into anger, "who gave you liberty to keep a poor soul from rest?"



A MAN SAT, HUNCHED IN HIS CHAIR, HIS HEAD AND FACE RESTING PEACEFULLY IN HIS HANDS UPON THE TABLE

What claim have you to the keys of life or death? Your voice rings like a gentleman's," said she, and now she approached and set a trembling hand upon my arm: "for the love of God, leave me to what I will. If you are a man of education, if you know anything, you will know this, that there are times when we must walk by and avert our eyes. I beg you, leave me."

I hesitated; the pitiful prayer shook me. I had no right to stay her. And yet the nameless attraction of her voice and manner made me even the less disposed to abandon her to her terrible intention. I had the thought that I might help her, that her case could not be so bad as to exact this ultimate and gloomy penalty.

"I am no enemy to suicide," I said at length; "but I am sure of this, that he who cuts the knot without due consideration, and upon a blind instinct, is more foolish than he who refuses to cut it at all."

"I have considered . . ." she burst forth, and then, subduing her voice, "I have decided," she added.

"You are young," I said; "I judge that you are not poor. You appear to be beautiful. I should say, also, that you are extravagantly impulsive. It is that that has rushed you into this. Wait another day, and, before Heaven, I say that if you then should decide for death, I would not only not take a step to hinder you, but I would approve and wish you well."

"You cannot understand," she said sullenly; "these things matter nothing to me. I cannot wait."

"You shall wait," I declared, "until you have duly reflected. See here"—for I could perceive that to argue with her there was all to no purpose, so set was this woman on death. "You shall choose between two alternatives. Either you shall go home and reconsider your decision until to-morrow, or I will hand you over to the policeman on the bridge near by."

Instantly a change came over her. She dropped to the ground. "For the love of God," she pleaded, "do not do that. You must not—you shall not. Don't say that. If you have ever been yourself in trouble, you will pity me and not do that."

The terror into which those few words had cast her seemed to me to be incommensurate with their importance. I stood there by her, and had nothing to reply. It was she who resumed, stifling her sobs and rising to her feet.

"Very well," she said more quietly, "I accept your alternative. I will go home."

"I will help you home," I said, somewhat timorously. "You are in no condition to be left."

"As you will," she answered in her dull voice; and we began to walk upward to the road. I think nothing further passed between us until we had crossed the bridge and come into Chelsea. I remember that once, as we passed under a lamp, the light struck yellow upon her face, and I was startled simultaneously by her beauty and the set grim look she wore. At a house in Danon Gardens she came to a pause, inserted a key and pushed open the door.

"Come," she said briefly—"enter."

I entered with reluctance. The house itself had the appearance of superiority, and the room, into which I came at once, bore the impress of wealth and taste. It was a drawing-room, the boudoir of a lady, as I guessed, and no sign of masculine habits could I perceive upon the walls nor in any article within the chamber. The woman herself stood with her back to the door, her bosom heaving above the black evening dress, her long arms reaching to the armchair behind which she had taken her place. She had not looked at me until now, and as her gaze for the first time met mine I could not but be struck by her fine air.

"You wear the clothes of the destitute," she began, in a voice which was quiet but low; "yet I seem to see in you a gentleman."

"I am that," I said simply.

"That you have wished me well, however cruel your conduct may have been, I do not doubt," she pursued, without any acknowledgment of my admission. "It is because of this, and also because I see no other way out of my dilemma, that I trust you to-night. You interrupted me inopportunely on the point of a deliverance. I have yielded to the force which you threatened, and have brought you here. Look about you! This is my house, these are my ornaments, every piece and article in this place is mine. My name is Chatterton. I am twenty-five. I was married three years ago to the man whose name I own. A year ago we separated. Was it for my beauty he desired me, or for my money? I cannot say. It matters very little. I hated him—he was a devil. He has persecuted me ever since we parted—for money, for affection—for wantonness. To-night he came here. I received him quietly. I found him here when I returned from a theatre. He had let himself in through the window, as the servants were in bed. My supper was laid for me. I entered with no other thought than of kindness to all men. I found that devil grinning at the table. He jibed at me as always."

She paused, and moistened her lips. I said no word. Then she lifted her arms from the chair and turned the handle of the door mechanically. "I will show you the rest," she said quietly.

In a maze of pity and astonishment I too rose and followed her. Across the hall she opened another door, and stood aside for me to enter. Before me lay a table, shining under the gas-light with white linen and sparkling with glasses, and at the foot a man sat, hunched in his chair, his head and face resting peacefully in his hands upon the table.

"Is he drunk?" I asked gently.

"He is dead," said the woman slowly. "I killed him."

There was a terrible silence in the room, and then in a moment a warm gush of emotion filled my heart.

"It was unintentional," she went on, "with her eyes on the figure. He used horrible words to me. I struck him. He is dead, and he was my husband. You see now that I have no course open to me but one."

"Madam," I broke forth, "I have lived much among horrible sights and sounds, and you must not wonder if this scene does not affect me. Nay, I have myself known the very feelings which animate you now, and here I stand, an outlaw, to convict myself of folly. You have accidentally killed a man. Why, so did I. But I fled, and added to that still another folly. So must not you do, even by the final cowardice of death. Nothing is irretrievable."

"There is but one course," she repeated.

"Come," I said quickly; "no one has seen him enter. This man, I doubt not, deserved his death, but you must not be concerned in it."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at me for the second time only.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—"THE OAK CHEST" IS THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF THRILLING STORIES UNDER THE GENERAL HEAD OF "THE OUTLAW," BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON, WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED AT INTERVALS OF A MONTH IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY. THE STORIES ARE OF THE MOST ABSORBING INTEREST AND DEAL WITH AN ASPECT OF ADVENTURE AND CRIMINALITY WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN TOUCHED ON BY ANY WRITER. THE SERIES WILL BE FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

"Young," I said; "I am older, and a man. I have a career. Your life may still be happy. Let me take you away."

"What would you do?" she asked impassively.

"I would give you a box," I said in a lower voice, "it can be carried in a box, and dropped into the friendly bosom of the Thames, where it will be all secrets and discloses none."

Her eyes considered me, and somewhere in the liquid depths of her face I perceived a great current rise and surge, and she charged with light. Her breath came a little.

"What kind," she said, as quietly as before: "perhaps you will say what you can be done."

"I will be done," I declared.

She took with her hand upon the door, her features lighted up with new excitement. "You give me hope," said she, and stepped back upon the body with what seemed like triumph. Her eyes blazed still with satisfaction as they swept round to me, and she examined me again.

"You think you can do this?" she asked gently.

"I can try," I answered.

"Yes, you have suffered," she said; "I could not hurt you further."

"I cannot be hurt any more," I replied simply, "and I am willing."

"You are a good man," she remarked softly, and passed out into the hall. In the pretty drawing-room she stopped and looked at me. "I will accept your offer," she said. "You shall take it away. Have you any money? Stay, here is a sovereign, which will suffice perhaps." She pressed a piece of gold into my hands, and feverishly turned away. At the door she paused, and took a step again toward me. "There is a chest that stands in the hall," she whispered, her eyes straining eagerly into mine, her pallid face bent close to me. "I will have it ready in five minutes. I will see to that part. You shall take that and drop it, as you say, into the river. I like that idea. It is the best solution, and then I shall never be troubled more with it. You promise that?"

I consented. "And you will go to bed?" I asked.

"Yes, I will go to bed," she answered; and, nodding slowly, she left the room noiselessly upon her terrible mission.

I must have waited some ten minutes in that quiet boudoir. The little marble clock, striking one, roused me from my strange reflections. In that space of time I had almost repented of my impulsive offer. I had time to cool and harden, and I saw myself rashly committed to a perilous expedition for the sake of two fine eyes and a weeping woman. But I was now bound by my promise; I could not withdraw; and with some impatience I got up and crossed to the door of the drawing-room. As I did so I thought I heard a soft voice calling, calling ever so gently from without. I opened the door and peered out into the twilight, and the first thing that met my eyes was the oaken chest standing against the wall. I went to the hall-door and pushed back the lock, and the strong air blew out of the summer night upon me. If I were going to fulfil my promise to Mrs. Chatterton I must be stirring. A cab was coming swiftly down the road, and across the way a policeman, heavily marching, was slowly passing. I shrank back into the doorway. I turned; a certain dread of the position dropped upon me. The gas, turned low in the hall, shed a faint radiance upon the still chest, and streamed up the stairway toward the upper stories. I fancied that I could make out in that gloaming light, far up, motionless against the balustrade, the shining of two long still arms and a white bosom glowing faintly. The cab-bells jingled near me. The policeman turned the corner; I walked down into the pathway, and put up my hand to the cabman.

And now began the second part of that remarkable and horrible adventure. The chest stood before me with its awful burden, and I was driving—I hardly knew whither. The man had directions to go east, and we wandered through the desolate wilderness of Belgrave, and by Victoria Street toward Charing Cross. I had not yet determined upon my destination. The river it must be in the end, but I could not tell the cabman to drive on to the riverside, and yet I must be set down at some point from which the chest might be conveyed to the Thames. Presently I hit upon a design which, though hazardous, was quite practicable. I dared not drop the chest from the Embankment, the risk was so great; while upon the Surrey side the ebbing of the tide would sooner or later expose the terrible secret. But I remembered a spot among the wharves where I could get access to the river and boats of the barges. I could put out thence into the middle of the water, and in that solitude discharge my abominable burden into the depths. I put my hand through the peephole to give the driver his instructions, and at the same moment the horse slipped, plunged, reeled, skated along the shining pavement, and went down.

I was flung across the splash-board, and the driver was hurled with force to the ground. We rose, bewildered from the shock; but the horse did not rise—he had injured a leg.

Instantly flowed in upon me with a sensation of horror the consequences of this hapless accident. The box had slipped from the cab, and lay upon the roadway. We had passed the old Circus, and were in the region of Leicester Square, far from the Thames, and still further from the point at which I was aiming. I cast a helpless look about me. Already the fall of the horse had brought two or three night-wanderers to the spot, and a man in evening dress stopped and stared smoking a cigar as he watched the scene. But what shook fear into my heart was the sight of a policeman, who approached, observed the struggling animal carefully, and entered into conversation with the driver. Ere I could recover my wits he came up to me.

"You are a heavy box there," he said.

I could detect some suspicion in his voice, and his eyes were scanning my shabby clothes. I returned him an answer of what nonchalance I could muster, and addressed the cabman. At all hazards I must get away—get away with my plan. The cabman declared that he could take me no further, as there was no other hansom in sight.

"Where were you going?" inquired the constable, and his eyes turned to me into a new terror.

I stammered. "A hotel," I said.

"Which hotel?" he asked, after a pause.

I put my tongue to name one of the chief hotels at Charing Cross, but I was conscious of my frayed and dirty garments. I made an indefinite reply, pointing toward Soho; and at that juncture a hoarse voice broke on my agitation.

"Where are you going, guv'nor?"

One of the loafers was speaking; and, accepting the solution as a convenience, I assented hurriedly, and paid the cab-

man. Two men shouldered the chest, and moved slowly up a by-street. I followed, and the policeman stood watching us.

At the first corner I breathed more freely, and began to consider where I was. A low, dingy lamp hung in the doorway of a dirty-looking house near by, upon which I made out the name of "Private Hotel." It was a disreputable place to look on, but I stopped the men at the door. They put down their burden, and I met the eyes of the foremost. He regarded me with an evil grin, and to my horror I recognized him as a "screever" in whose company I had slept out-of-doors some two nights back.

"This is better than the Park," he said hoarsely.

There was no chance of mistaking his meaning, and, to emphasize it, he patted his chest. "Run luggage," said he, with a leer: "you managed the copper well."

To say the truth, I was quite frightened now, but I knew that to show my alarm would be foolish.

"You must carry the box to my room," I said sharply; and entering, I made the arrangements for my night's lodging.

Under the weight of their burden the two men staggered up the stairs to the very last floor, and then I pulled out a piece of silver and paid them.

The "screever" held the shilling in his palm. "I think I know better than that; I can do better than that," he repeated meaningly.

"That's all you're going to get," I said peremptorily, "so clear out."

His companion left the room, and I heard him clattering down the stairs; but the screever remained.

"You think I don't know what you got in that there box," he snarled; "well, I reckon it's worth more'n a bob to me."

"If you don't get out," I cried angrily, "I will throw you out."

"Very well, mister," he said, retreating; "I keep my eye on you, Mister Toff."



CHATTERTON . . . LEANED MOTIONLESS BY THE CHEST, STARING FIXEDLY ON THE BEAUTIFUL AND INANIMATE CLAY

I made a step toward him, and he disappeared. I looked at the door and sat down on the bed, feeling mighty bad, as you may suppose. Of course the man could know nothing, but he might easily raise an alarm, and I was the mark for suspicion. If I was seized, and the chest was found!—the fear of it crept chilly through me.

I cannot say what pangs of foreboding I endured through the rest of the night. I got no sleep; indeed, I made no attempt to sleep. The candle slowly guttered down until the summer dawn appeared through the wretched blinds of that garret, and still I lay with my eyes upon that formidable chest. I was up early, took some breakfast, for I was ravenous with hunger, and considered the position. I dared not make another movement until after dark; and here, therefore, in this sordid attic I was condemned to lie. I feigned to sleep most of the day, and so the dreadful hours wore on. It was ten o'clock before I ventured out, and, ere doing so, I called for the bill. It was heavier than I had expected, but that was not what brought me up with a fresh alarm. It was this: I put my hand in my pocket, and found most of my money was gone. There was barely enough to pay the bill, and I was left with sixpence to get the chest across the river. I had no doubt that I owed this to my friend the screever. The dilemma was worse than ever: I could not move without money, and there was but one course to pursue, on which I determined forthwith. I must go back to the house in Damon Gardens, and get a few more shillings.

Leaving word that I would return shortly, I went out, with the intention of making my way to Chelsea; but the first thing that met my eyes as I turned into the street was the figure of the screever under the lamplight. I withdrew quickly, for I dared not leave the chest unguarded to that scoundrel. I was desperate, and ere I had re-entered the hotel I had resolved to take it with me.

It was half-past ten before I set off upon my second journey, with the chest in front of me. The screever was not

visible when I started, but at the Marble Arch I saw him running upon the further pavement. He kept a long, swift stride, his long, lean figure sidling, as it were, along. The sight whipped up my blood; I shouted to the driver to "push on." The horse was tired and weak-kneed, and I fretted at the pace we went; yet, when we came into Damon Gardens the screever was not in sight. We had evidently outrun if we had not outworn him. In a better state of confidence I stopped the cab before Mrs. Chatterton's house, and, springing up the steps, rang at the bell. I had given myself no time to reconsider, for if I reflected upon the real facts of my position and my errand, I felt I should lose my courage. There was also the dread of facing the woman, and of the confession I must make of failure. If the affair had been less urgent I should have been ashamed to come a begging there. And out of the mouth of the hansom protruded the horrible box. I began to waver even as the door opened, and a manservant asked my business. My visible pause and my general appearance, no doubt, raised doubts in the fellow. He took me for what I was—a person come to beg.

"Mrs. Chatterton is not in," he declared, and waited for me to go.

But by this time I was aware that I could not turn back. The cab stood behind me. I was in bond to it, for I had no money; and the oaken chest hung about my neck in chains. I urged the necessity of seeing Mrs. Chatterton, but he still more curtly refused me.

"I must see her," I exclaimed vehemently.

He grew angry, and his voice also was raised upon the street. In the midst of the noisy argument a harsh voice croaked in my ear.

"Shall I carry that there box for you, guv'nor?"

I started about, and there was my lean and half-starved screever grinning from the lowmost step. "Let me help you with it, same's last night," he persisted.

The interposition shook me, and the servant stared at us from one to the other. I saw no escape from my plight. I was doomed to drive about London in a cab for which I could not pay, and from which I could not escape, in the company of that Thing. The screever and the cabman stood between me and flight.

I took a decision. It was a last move, and I could make no other. "Yes," said I to the grinning screever, "fetch it in"; and to the servant, "I have something for your mistress, which I must leave if I can't see her."

Both appeared to be astonished, but I had a last hope that I should by this desperate act at once throw off the screever and conquer the opposition of the servant. The screever toiled up the steps with the chest, and tottered into the hall. He wore the look of one who has been grievously deceived. But it was the servant that drew my attention. He flung up his hands. "Why, that's missus's chest!" he exclaimed: "what are you doing with it, I should like to know?"

"That I will explain to your mistress," I said.

The noise brought the door of the dining-room open, and a man in evening dress came into the hall.

"What's all this about?" he asked with authority.

"Missus's chest, sir," said the servant, with excitement. "This man here's brought it home. Where'd he get it, I'd like to know?"

"Was it stolen?" asked the stranger.

"Lost this very morning, sir," said the servant.

The man in evening dress looked at me. He was squarely built, with a heavy jaw, and wore short, thick black hair, streaked with gray. "What have you got to say?" he asked.

"What I have to say must be said to Mrs. Chatterton," I returned in despair.

He was silent; then, "Come in here," he said quietly, "and bring that chest," he added to the servant.

When we were alone he scrutinized me carefully, coldly, and with an air of command. He was a formidable person, and I seemed to recall him from somewhere.

"What is it all about?" he asked shortly.

"Excuse me," I stammered, "I am at liberty to speak to Mrs. Chatterton only."

"I am authorized to act for Mrs. Chatterton," he said sharply. "What's in that chest?"

He jerked his head toward it, where it lay under the gas-light, and my frightened eye dwelt upon it with fascination. I said nothing. He made a step toward it and pulled at the lid, ineffectually.

"Ah, I forgot: it's a spring lock," he said, and took a poker from the fireplace. I sprang forward.

"You shall not touch it," I said. "It is Mrs. Chatterton's secret. She gave it to me, and I will return it to her only."

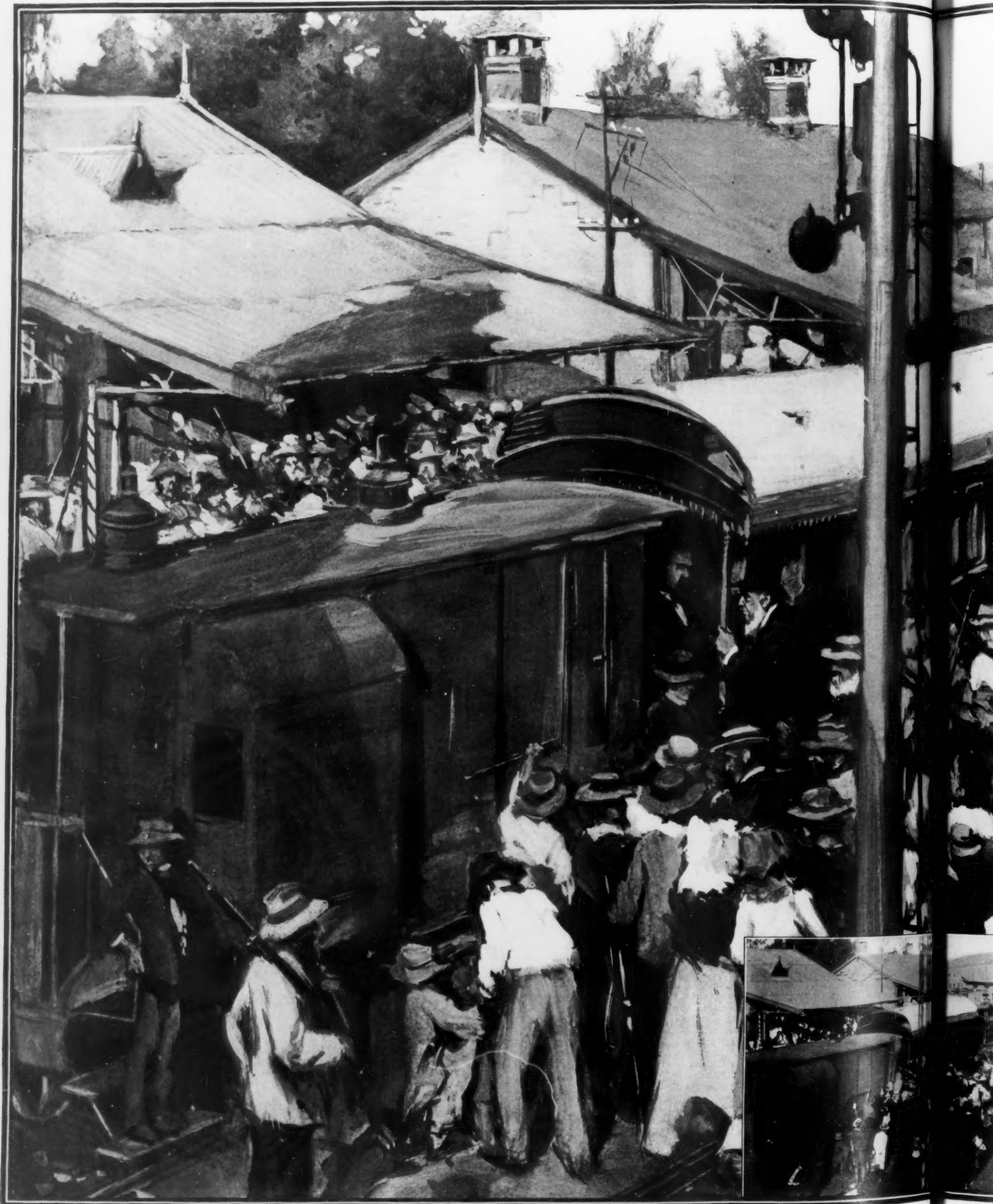
He swept me aside with his arm, and ere I could reason had inserted a portion of the poker and thrown his weight upon it. His eyes were burning with a strong feeling. There was the sound of smashing wood. I leaped forward again with a cry of alarm; but suddenly I paused, and fell back against the table. I paused because the sense of who this man was came swiftly, unexpectedly to me. I knew now those thick, black locks, even without that ugly bandage on the back of the head. He was the dead man.

As this dawned upon me in terror and bewilderment, there was the noise of the lid opening, and the man gave utterance to a cry. He fell upon his knees, and over the top of his head I peered into the open chest.

Perhaps I should have guessed it had I been capable of thinking clearly after that sudden recognition. From the time when it was certain that the man, Chatterton, was still alive, it could be only one body that lay sleeping within the chest that was a coffin. She rested very still and quiet, her features perturbed no more than if she slumbered, and the eyes closed as is not always general with the dead; and in her fingers she still held the bottle she had emptied.

The man, Chatterton, that had been her husband, leaned motionless by the chest, staring fixedly on the beautiful and inanimate clay. I could not guess his feelings, nor do I know if he had been at all prepared for this catastrophe. But he seemed like a man who has been stunned under a blow, for he said nothing, but continued to gaze. Maybe he had used her very ill, as she said; and here, by this strange coffin, he was repenting, and was receding a forgotten and not wholly selfish love. But his abstraction did not escape me. I was still a fugitive and an outlaw, and my brain began to work cunningly. I regained my wits sharply. Stealing noiselessly from the room, I left him there, crouching over his dead wife, and passed out into the street silently. The darkness befriended me; I slipped by the cab where the driver was idly dozing, and, turning the corner, unseen, made off for Bermondsey.

END OF THE THIRD STORY

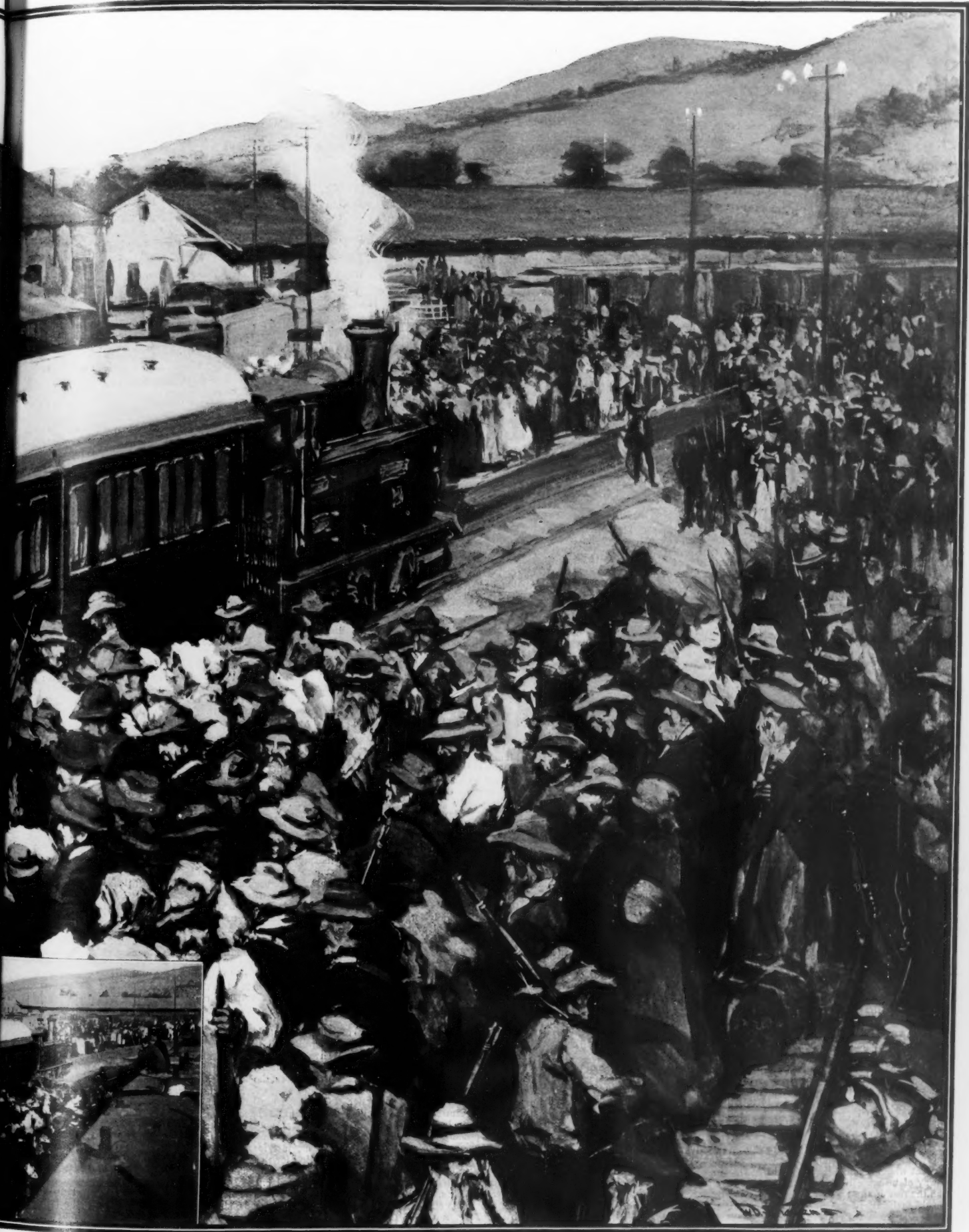


DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS FROM PHOTOGRAPH

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE PRETORIA RAILWAY STATION BY OUR PHOTOGRAPHER

KRUGER'S FLIGHT FROM JOHANNESBURG

WHEN WORD OF THE OCCUPATION OF JOHANNESBURG BY LORD ROBERTS REACHED PRETORIA, PRESIDENT KRUGER WAS IN A STATE OF GREAT READINESS FOR MANY DAYS, FOR MIDDLEBURG, IN THE MOUNTAINS. AT THE RAILWAY STATION MEN AND WOMEN WERE GATHERING TO SEE HIM OFF.



REPORT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

FROM PRETORIA

COMPANIED BY THE OFFICIALS OF THE BOER GOVERNMENT, LEFT ON A SPECIAL TRAIN, WHICH HAD BEEN HELD IN
AS THE PRESIDENT BOARDED HIS PRIVATE CAR AND PHLEGMATICALY GAVE THE ORDER TO LEAVE THE LOST CITY

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Author of "The Stolen Story and Other Newspaper Stories," "The Adventures of a Freshman," "Princeton Stories," etc.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS are supposed to celebrate the graduation of senior classes, and they do, but it is not for the purpose of seeing much-impressed young men in black gowns receive more or less interesting degrees by trooping across a platform, one by one touching a stage-property diploma, held out by the President who mumbles something in Latin, which few hear and none understands. Perhaps the greater part of the crowd at most of these American Commencements of ours fail to avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing this culminating act of getting a college education, and do not care what the young men themselves have to say about it in their speeches. Indeed at some of our universities they no longer have graduating orations, and at several places they do not call it Commencement. The word is, except for the quaintness it is now acquiring, a rather foolish one, especially to those who are commencing. They are thinking more about what is ending.

Besides, the greater number in the annual Commencement crowds are those already graduated, who are much more interested in one another and their class reunions than in the seniors who seem so much younger than in that wondrous age called "When We were in College." Not even all the girls, as the seniors may realize, are there as witnesses to the apparent cause of the occasion—though somewhat impressed by the mortar boards. They come for the dances, the athletic matches, the Class Day humor, and because it is Commencement time at a man's college, which is said to be one of the most desirable things known, to girls of a certain age.

Wherever they are held and whatever they are called, they are invariably the gala event of the Academic year which they terminate, the time of the greatest crowds, unless, perhaps, the football games in November bring a few more—at any rate the time of the greatest amount of color, the time when the college world and the outside world see most of each other, and to best advantage, because it is the loveliest time of the year and the time when, owing to the annual summer scattering, the greatest number of people can be gathered together.

The characteristic note of the Commencement festivities of each American college is as individual as each American college. At Cambridge the great event is, of course, Class Day. They have no Commencement there, I believe, so called—nor a campus; it is a yard, always a yard, and their undergraduates will feel more than usually sorry for you if you call it anything else. Harvard Class Day is famous all over the country, and many have heard about the spreads, and the way the yard looks when lighted up in the evening, who have never had the pleasure of being guests of Harvard seniors, nor have watched these same young men, dressed somewhat differently now, join in the disquieting turmoil and tumble and scramble and scrapping of the flower rush about the tree before the eyes of ever so many people in the grandstand. Likewise many have heard how New Haven's green looks annually, who have never had brothers or friends at Yale. Similarly there is a distinctive note in the Commencement Days of each of the colleges for women in this country. The Wellesley Tree Day, when the seniors take leave of the tree they planted as Freshmen, is, according to Wellesley graduates, altogether different from Tree Day at any other woman's college. No man can decide this, because men are not allowed to witness it, any more than girls are allowed to witness the men's senior dinner. But it must be very impressive, the long procession of girls in the costumes of nuns, princesses, carnival revellers, Amazons, butterflies, fairies, or shepherdesses, marching over beautiful green turf with a background of thick dark trees. Similarly, Smith College undergraduates have been known to say that their Senior Dramatics are quite superior to the Senior Dramatics of Wellesley's Commencement week. And Vassar's Class Day, with a long procession of white-robed graduates held together by a thickly entwined daisy-chain festooned about them, is probably as interesting and pleasing a sight as any Commencement feature anywhere, whether a woman's college or man's.

At Princeton the most striking feature of Commencement week is its length and intensity. The festivities are supposed to begin on Saturday with the Junior Oration Contest, between Whig and Clio Halls (which nobody attends), in the morning, and, in the afternoon, the annual baseball beating given Yale in return for the annual beating given Princeton at New Haven a week or two before—with enough exceptions to both of those generalizations to prove the rule.

But though Commencement week is supposed to begin on this date and end on the following Wednesday, as a matter of fact old grads., and more particularly young ones, begin gathering early in the week, and the newest alumni, those now graduated, linger on lovingly and sorrowfully until the end of the week containing that Wednesday which concludes the whole four years.

Each one of these various college Commencements referred to, besides scores of others not referred to, would require several issues of COLLIER'S to do them justice in the eyes of those about whom the descriptions might be written. Princeton's way of bringing the Academic year to its climax will take up the rest of the space allowed here—not because it is put forth as being representative of them all, though the crowd of visitors probably is most representatively national, nor because it is considered more interesting by any one except Princeton adherents, but because Princeton is the only large institution of learning we have which is situated in a very small town; and all of its settings are distinctly academic, with the sound of the great outside world coming only as a distant echo. So that when Commencement season comes around, with its thousand or so of old grads. holding reunions and making a terrible noise, and the seniors' numerous ceremonies, and the parents and girls to see sons and brothers, and the preps, coming up for their entrance examinations, and all of those within sight of each other on a large open campus through which no streets or traffic or business run—the very air is so full of the spirit of college and of Commencement that every other element in life is driven out. What there is of a town does not exist for the time; the usual world is far away; the echo from real life is drowned out, and the

gala day spontaneity and carnival license gets into every one to a degree seldom seen west of certain European cities.

This year at Princeton the visitors saw, in the annual graduates' procession that took place as an introduction to that extraordinary baseball game with Yale, the white beards and bald heads of the class of '60 holding its fortieth anniversary and having an almost uproariously jolly time—including a brass band and big banners. Their somewhat thinned ranks included at least one trustee and no telling how many grandfathers; yet they marched around the searing athletic field after the horse-playing young graduates, laughing and marching most frivolously before the grand-stand and bleachers. To show how the others regarded them for this, it may be noted that when they passed by the various classes that had come in ahead of them and were now seated, each class in turn arose and, with bared heads, cheered vigorously for '60.

But to those in the grand-stand who never had been to Princeton before and could not realize how glad were these, her sons now in the wide world, to get back, some of the younger sons possibly seemed very near to making asses of themselves. The beauty of it is that they don't mind in the least what outsiders and self-conscious people think. The cares of life, which they sang about for four years while undergraduates, were now upon them, and those who were young enough were turning hand springs. Others were dressed in fancy costume, including tin swords and helmets with huge enamelled numerals stuck all over their clothes. The class of '97, which was back nearly two hundred strong holding its triennial reunion, dragged at the head of the procession the Class Boy in a toy wagon. The first-born son of the class wore upon his two-year-old chest the orange numerals of the class of 1920. Over his head was a large banner which announced "He will beat Yale in 1916-20." His father had been a famous football player. The class of '95 was preceded by two of its members, a young New York lawyer and a New York tea-merchant, dressed in what they were pleased to call rag-time costume, who danced rag-time steps about the field, and every one appreciated it all the more that they wore no masks on their faces.

Each class holding a reunion had at least one band in this procession, all of which played at the same time different tunes. All carried transparencies or placards such as are seen in a political campaign procession, announcing in large letters that they were the best class in the world, and that they had so many married and so many children and so many engaged members, and other facts which would, of course, seem even more flat and absurd, mentioned in cold type, but which every one apparently found diverting down there on the university field walled in by several thousand Princeton men and their friends and families. Nor did any one resent it, except possibly the Yale crowd, that these same more or less dignified, more or less old graduates saw fit to dance, instead of marching, all the way up Nassau Street to the campus in celebration of the victory which had seemed to be a sure defeat for eight and one-half innings.

These modern class reunions are very extensive affairs. In the old days a class that wanted to have a reunion simply came back and had one, making most of the arrangements after they arrived here, and sleeping wherever an obliging undergraduate could put them up. Nowadays houses for headquarters, and several other houses for sleeping accommodations, are engaged two or three years ahead, programmes are arranged, and engraved invitations are sent out to members of other classes for certain evenings at home. In some cases vaudeville talent is brought down from the cities as well as refreshments. But the most of the fun is found in the reunion of men who were warm friends as boys and mean to remain warm friends for the rest of life. The invitations which were engraved in the city are generally forgotten.

The class dinner is, of course, the central event of the reunion, and the one where they all get together at once and where the speeches are made, and the same old personal characteristics humorously pointed out, and the same old affection for one another, or nearly as much, is stirred up from each heart once again. When there is a class cup to be presented to the class boy there is always an especially large gathering, and the diners endeavor to secure a long room so that they can sit at one long table instead of the usual T or U shaped banqueting tables. The class boy is trained for this weeks in advance, so that he knows what is expected of him when his father stands him at one end of the table and points out his mother, beside the class president at the distant other end, holding out the large loving cup. It is a sight never to be forgotten, and one arousing so many emotions that the only thing to do is to yell, when a youngster of about thirty months trots down the centre of the banqueting board between a valley of adopted uncles, all of whom are applauding and yelling and gazing proudly upon him.

Saturday night, the night after the annual baseball game, is the occasion of most of these reunion dinners. The reunions themselves last on through the week. On Sunday comes the Baccalaureate sermon, which is still delivered by the President, as in most of our American colleges. This is the first occasion on which the entire senior class appears in the academic regalia of cap and gown. The members of the faculty and the trustees and the visiting dignitaries also wear their gowns with the various colors representing their various degrees. Visiting girls also wear gowns which are quite as noticeable, to other visiting girls at least. This year some of them had four ruffles on the underskirt. Nearly all of them had Pompadour hair.

Monday is always a great day in the Princeton Commencement week. While the trustees of the university are holding their annual Commencement meeting and deciding in solemn conclave whether or not to grant alumni representation in their board, the senior class and a large audience are gathered in Alexander Hall for class day orations and poems. At high noon on this day the graduating class always plants its class ivy to climb up along the mellow brown walls of Old North College and mingle with the ivy of classes in the past. This is a very ceremonious ceremony. They have prepared ora-

tions for this, which are very stirring. Each year there comes a recurrent question, where will the next class find room to plant its ivy and insert its memorial tablet.

Years ago, no one knows how many, some senior class decided to smoke a final farewell pipe around the cannon, the old Revolutionary cannon, which sticks face downward in the centre of the quadrangle and serves as a sort of axis about which this little college world revolves. And as they sat there they were moved, naturally, to talk over the four happy years that had been, and to chaff each other on various memorable incidents and peculiarities of those years. This, I imagine, was the origin of the formal "Cannon Exercises" of these later days, with admission by ticket to a ring as big as an old-fashioned circus, surrounded by circular tiers of seats, also like a show, with the reading of pointed class histories and prophecies and so on, interspersed with music and ending with a carefully prepared speech of formal farewell by the president to his classmates, also to be heard by the girls in the rows of very hard seats. The formally final smoke, with specially prepared class pipes, then takes place, concluded by throwing and smashing them with some *éclat* against the sturdy old cannon which possibly considers this all very absurd and artificial.

The promenade concert on the front campus on the evening of class day, with innumerable Chinese lanterns lighted with electricity, and illuminated numerals of the graduating class shining out over the steps of Old North, where they sing, may also be somewhat artificial, but there is no lack of spontaneity in the singing of the class which is now beginning to feel how very near this is to the last time of all. After the innumerable girls and their light dresses and their chaperons have left the campus, and the seniors have left the steps, the old grad, has his chance again. All the classes holding reunions, in turn or out of turn, mount the old steps, sit down in their old places, those who were accustomed to mount the bronze lions clambering up there again even if it takes them a little longer to do so now than once—and sing the old songs.

It is remarkable how each old graduate falls into his accustomed place, not only on the steps, but in his classmates' regard. There is a certain man who when in college was most disapprobably frivolous. He has since become a man high in authority and in the esteem of his countrymen, but when he comes back to Princeton his classmates expect him to be the leader in horse-play, and, though he struggles personally against it, horse-play and comic singer he is still to his classmates, and will be for many a reunion to come very likely.

Though these old graduates remember a great many songs that seem out of date to the modern steps-singer, and the modern steps-singer has many songs that are entirely new to the old grad., yet there is one song which they all know, all remember, all love, and they sing it with bared heads. It is a very good sight and one which Princeton men are not loth to let other people see; the crowd scattered out under the trees, talking and laughing and perhaps unaware of the music from the steps, will suddenly cease its chatter, and before the end of the first bar of "Old Nassau," the college hymn, will arise like one man and listen with bared heads, joining sometimes, unconsciously, in the stirring chorus which is never forgotten.

Commencement day itself, like class day, is always very hot. Or else it rains. Generally it is hot. And all the proud mothers flap their fans back and forth all through the bewildering programme—from the time the trustees start the procession, followed by the faculty and the alumni, according to classes, and then those who are about to be alumni and who are beginning to get bored with their long, hot black gowns which trip them on the stairs—to the end of the valedictorian's speech, in which he tells them all how sorry they are to leave their college and each other. They then get their degrees. But this is not what ends it all for the two hundred young men. They gather for their farewell meeting together as a class in Princeton that evening after most of the girls have left.

The old grads. and their noisy reunions have departed to go on where they left off in the business world for another year. Trunks are packed and old furniture has been sold or given away. They gather under the elms, and seat themselves upon the steps of Old North quite as they had on many an evening before. But this time is altogether strange to them. However different the futures of these young men may be, they have had a great deal in common in their four years just past, and it is along this line that every one of them is thinking as the leader waves his hand to start one of the old familiar songs. . . . The hour is soon passed. The bell of Old North breaks in upon their singing, warning them that it is time to be gone. Near at hand stand the juniors, about to be seniors, and to succeed to the right of the steps. It is a very little thing perhaps, but somehow the present occupants resent, just for a moment, those others standing there and waiting for them to get out. Perhaps that is one of the reasons that the custom of giving up the steps has been so lengthened out.

First the class gets down from and sits in a great circle in front of the steps, singing as they do so. Then the loving cup is passed around the entire class, from classmate to classmate. Each man arises as his turn comes, and all the other voices sing the simple words of the old drinking song, "Here's to you, my jovial friend." This takes another hour. Then they arise, fall in line, and the president of the class, advancing toward the juniors, hands over the right to the steps to them in a speech which is really from the heart. The "Laid Lang Syne" with tears in their eyes, they file back to front of the steps. These are now occupied by their seniors, the new seniors, who are cheering the new graduates and singing "Safe now in the wide, wide world." The graduates slowly leave the campus for their farewell supper together, the voices of those now on the steps, still cheering, gradually dying down as they round the corner and are lost to view.

They take this thing very seriously in Princeton, and that is one of the fine things about it, Princeton men think.

THE PLAGUE IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE following extracts from a circular letter, issued to Chinese residents in San Francisco, present some curious views on the plague question.

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

For the first time in the history of man the Chinese residents of San Francisco appeal to the thinking people of Americans.

We were fully understood in the beginning that this is not an official document signed by the Chinese Consulate, but a plan simply to appeal for justice, that born of the highest civilization of the West has vouchsafed every foreigner who sees fit to take up a residence in this beautiful land.

This little pamphlet expresses the views of the Chinese merchant class, men of undisputed commercial and social standing; men who have their money invested in business here under the presumed protection of certain treaty rights and international laws. Generally speaking, if we are not too particular about minor details—we, as a people, have been fairly well treated by the representatives of the national government. With the municipal rulers, however, all is different. Ask any respectable attorney and he will tell you, that when he goes into court to represent a Chinese client, he knows he is taking about one hundred per cent the worst of it, and there are many men of high standing in the law who positively refuse to take a case where a Chinese client is in any way concerned; not that they object to Chinese money, but because they do not feel that they can secure justice under existing conditions. So much for our chances with the local goldfish.

The Constitution of the United States ensures every man the right to worship God in his own manner. We are, most of us, believers in the precepts as laid down by Confucius, a philosopher who has been honored by all nations, and for over 2,000 years. Confucius said, "There are wise men in the West" (meaning the Occident), and we are all willing to acknowledge this bit of logic, as we are to accept the other teachings of this great sage. But have the wise men of this Western land treated us wisely? Is it wise to discriminate against us because we are practically helpless? Confucius also said, "Mutilation of the body endureth through all eternity." Then why should we not object to mutilation, even though it be of the mildest possible form?

Now we ask, in all reason, why should we submit mildly to this latest outrage which the Board of Health is trying to impose upon us? We assert the fact that there is no bubonic plague in this city, and we defy any citizen to find a respectable physician, not connected with the Board of Health, who will controvert this statement.

Last Saturday a period was interposed on all business in the Chinese quarter on account of a brand new wrinkle on the part of the health officers. These men told us that we must all submit to inoculation with the serum of bubonic plague.

Let us boil all this question right down to

What's a table though nicely spread without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head.

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

The Highest Standard

Of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



Without a Rival
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as
**Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver
Sick Headache, etc.**

IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.
Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

Beecham's Pills
Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.
25c. at all Drug Stores.

the bone. The men representing the Board of Health of this city have taken the stand that they believe there is bubonic plague in this city. No other individual believes a word of it, unless he be in some way connected with the municipal government. They have determined to inoculate all Chinese residents of this city; and, as a still harsher measure, declare that every member of our race who will not submit to this may not enjoy the privilege of leaving the city.

There is no plague in our quarter. There never has been anything of the kind here, and even the United States quarantine officers substantiate our statement. So we object, and we throw ourselves upon the tender mercies of a justice-loving public. Yours respectfully,
CHINESE RESIDENTS OF
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BOXES OF GOLD

Sent for Letters About Grape-Nuts

330 boxes of gold and greenbacks will be sent to persons writing interesting and truthful letters about the good that has been done them by the use of Grape-Nuts food.

10 little boxes, each containing a \$10 gold piece, will be sent the 10 writers of the most interesting letters.

20 boxes, each containing a \$5 gold piece, to the 20 next most interesting writers, and a \$1 greenback will go to each of the 300 next best. A committee of 3 to make decision and the prizes sent on July 3, 1900.

Write plain, sensible letters, giving detailed facts of ill-health caused from improper food and explain the improvement, the gain in strength, in weight, or in brain power after using Grape-Nuts food.

It is a profound fact that most ails of humanity come from improper and non-nourishing food, such as white bread, hot biscuit, starchy and uncooked cereals, etc.

A change to perfectly cooked, predigested food like Grape-Nuts, scientifically made and containing exactly the elements nature requires for building the delicate and wonderful cells of brain and body, will quickly change a half sick person to a well person. Food, good food, is Nature's strongest weapon of defense.

Include in letter the true names and addresses, carefully written, of 20 persons, not very well, to whom we can write regarding the food cure by Grape-Nuts.

Almost every one interested in pure food is willing to have his or her name appear in the papers for such help as they may offer the human race. A request, however, to omit name will be respected. Try for one of the 330 prizes. Every one has an equal show. Don't write poetry, but just honest and interesting facts about the good you have obtained from the pure food Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman has found a true way to get well and keep well, it should be a pleasure to stretch a helping hand to humanity, by telling the facts.

Write your name and address plainly on letter and mail promptly to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Prizes sent July 3.

Pears'

What is wanted of soap for the skin is to wash it clean and not hurt it. Pure soap does that. This is why we want pure soap; and when we say pure, we mean without alkali.

Pears' is pure; no free alkali. There are a thousand virtues of soap; this one is enough. You can trust a soap that has no biting alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. C. W. KNEIGER CO., 153 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists thought incurable, by Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Food. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Imported Enamel, Oxford, Light Double Soles
Russet King Calf, Oxford, . . . Single Soles
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Black King Calf, Blucher, Light Double Soles
Russet King Calf, Blucher, . . . Single Soles

These shoes are made on a new flat last, and are very popular and dressy for spring and summer.

Price \$3.50 PER PAIR.

Delivered, carriage charges prepaid, to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany upon receipt of \$3.75 per pair. Also to any point within the limit of the Parcels Post Service.

The Regal Oxford Shoes have no superior and should be given a trial by every man who prefers an Oxford shoe for summer wear.

In style they are exact duplicates of the latest designs of the leading custom shoemakers of the world who charge two or three times the Regal price.

You get an exact, comfortable fit, because Regals are not all made on one last like other shoes. There are 147 shapes and 121 sizes.

It may seem strange to you that a shoe for which so much is claimed can be made and sold for only \$3.50.

You must remember, though, that when you pay a higher price you are paying the profit of useless middlemen who exact heavy tribute for merely passing the shoes from hand to hand.

Regal Shoes come straight from the tannery to consumer with only one small profit instead of the usual five.

If you cannot conveniently reach a Regal Store we can fit you to your perfect satisfaction by mail.

Send postal for Catalogue C, and booklet on "The Care of Shoes."

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MAKE up your mind right now to spend a few weeks in Colorado this summer. The climate there is simply delightful and the hotels are excellent.

TOURIST TICKET RATES GREATLY REDUCED.

"One night on the road" trains from both Chicago and St. Louis to Denver, luxurious equipment, including Library Buffet Smoking car and Dining car à la carte.

Let me send you maps, time tables, ticket rates; and if you want to know more about the country enclose six cents in postage for our book on Colorado. It is a beautiful and interesting work.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

MARQUETTE, ON LAKE SUPERIOR,

is one of the most charming summer resorts reached via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Its healthful location, beautiful scenery, good hotels and complete immunity from hay fever, make a summer outing at Marquette, Mich., very attractive from the standpoint of health, rest and comfort.

For a copy of "The Lake Superior Country," containing a description of Marquette and the copper country, address, with four (4) cents in stamps to pay postage, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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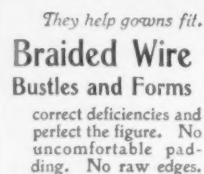
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A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

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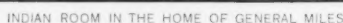
Free —Write for our handsome Summer Catalogue No. 999 of Silk and Wash Waists, Skirts, Suits, Tapes, Jackets, etc. A postal card brings it free.

We are perfectly responsible, and if not thoroughly satisfied your money cheerfully refunded.

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188 State St., Chicago.

A KEYNOTE MUST BE STRUCK before a room can be so furnished as to possess real individuality. Many handsomely furnished and finely decorated rooms lack character. The first glance shows that they have cost money, which is a fatal mistake, for the first thought of a room should be subordinate to the artistic harmony, the beautiful individuality which should distinguish a drawing-room or a library as much as it appertains to a person's life. Every home is in a degree the explanation of its owner. Every house in which people live takes on, bit by bit, their expression, and reveals their natures; cannot avoid telling to every observer whether they are refined or vulgar, purse-proud or unobtrusive and simple, gently bred or coarse in the grain. First comes the upholsterer and does his share. Next the inhabitant and sets his stamp.

In great houses where there are many rooms, it is easy to give a separate character, and to carry out a definite plan in some of them. The Indian Room in General Miles's beautiful home in Washington thus shows the unique possibilities of tasteful yet quaint furnishing which lurk in the work of our aborigines: nothing more restful than this bright-colored room can be in-



agined. At the German Embassy there is a notable Japanese room, the main features of which are worth copying in cottages and apartments, as they may be adopted without difficulty and at small expense by any one who admires the simplicity of a Japanese interior.

Up and down the grand stairway at the British Embassy, flanked by the portrait of her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, have passed fair women and brave men, in the brilliant social gatherings at Lord Pouncefoot's typical British home. An exotic in Washington, this English household has qualities of the substantial, comfortable and self-respecting variety quite opposed to the glare and crudity of some American establishments. A stairway may be mean or noble, a mere ladder of convenience or an ascent of state. The breadth and massiveness of this colonial stairway are essentially fine and noble.

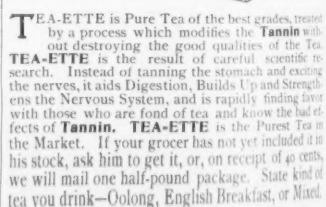
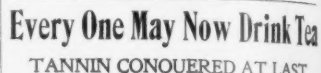
A parlor is a place for conversation, for tarrying a while, for taking breath. It needs, therefore, a few well-chosen pictures, a table or two, and chairs of sufficient size for easeful relaxation. The less crowded it is the better. Our present tendency toward making our parlors museums for bric-à-brac and curios is to be deprecated. Whoever was responsible for arranging the home of the German Embassy was fortunate in striking the golden mean in the furnishing of its sitting-rooms and parlors.

The brides of June have been as numerous and as charming as brides ever are, and this June of 1900 has been an ideal wedding month. Gowns of ivory satin, gems of price, flower-



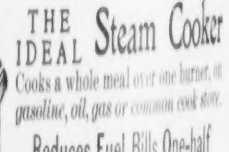
dressed churches, wedding breakfasts crowned with roses, wedding journeys begun in such weather as symbolizes whatever one most hopes for on the longer journey of life, and crowds of friendly faces to give the bride and groom God speed—these all compose the picture which lingers in memory after a June wedding. When the young couple are popular and gifted, and, as is sometimes the case, well known by name beyond their immediate circle, they are fettered by felicitations from a host of friends whom they may never meet.

A step in the right direction is being taken in recent legislative enactment in New Jersey with regard to consumption. This baleful scourge of the human race is now included in the catalogue of contagious and infectious diseases, such as diphtheria, smallpox and scarlet fever, and, equally with them, is to be treated with scientific precautions and rigidly isolated. For



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generations consumption has gone on performing its fatal errands. In many cases, when at once taken in hand, cures are now wrought, and it is no longer regarded as necessarily a hereditary doom. Life in consumption may fight death and win. None the less, contact, and breathing the same air, are perilous to the well when a consumptive's case is established, and sanitary vigilance cannot be too rigorously exerted.



A PARLOR AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY

THE SUMMER GIRL—1900

AFRAID of no mood of the weather
And shod in the stoutest of leather,
She tramps on her two little feet;
She can handle an oar with another,
She golfs quite as well as her brother,
She is wholesome and dainty and sweet.

Her fair head is crammed full of knowledge,
She took all the honors in college,
Is familiar with science and art;
She makes her own book-plates by stippling,
Reads Barrie and Browning and Kipling,
And reels off her Homer by heart.

She rides, and she drives, and she dances,
And simply and wholly entrances
The lads and the men in their prime;
This latest and loveliest comer,
Queen rose of this wonderful summer,
And pride of an exquisite time.

Mothers are heedlessly and almost recklessly indifferent to the advantages their boys should have as indispensable training for future days, when they forbid their learning to swim, to shoot, to ride, to drive, to sail or to row. A lad should know how to do everything of this sort; to take care of himself in the open, to have the skill with eye and hand which makes a man at home anywhere, and equal to any emergency. While the timid woman is spreading out her wings, and huddling her brood around her like a clucking hen, the time is slipping by during which their novitiate should be passed. Accomplishments which might be acquired



THE GRAND STAIRWAY IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY

with ease in childhood, dexterity which may become automatic then, may never again be within reach, and the clumsy, ill-equipped grown man may look back to reproach his parents for their lack of judgment.

Fortunately there is in most boys an urgent wish to play ball, to swim, to sail, to fire at a mark, or whatever else may attract them, and they do not too easily yield to parental timidity. Nature knows what she is about when she makes her men-children bold and daring.

Every girl should learn how to swim as well as how to dance, to walk, and to run. Swimming is not a difficult art, and there is no reason, except remoteness from the water, why both girls and boys should not practice it.

Women are often accused of cruelty in their over-driving of horses; their fretting and nagging of these useful servants, so that they wear them out faster than men do. Yet when one sees the plodding, jogging, distressingly leisurely way in which some horses are driven by some women, one hesitates to accuse the sex of harshness. To tell the plain truth, it takes brains to drive well, as to do most things, and a serene temper behind the bit has a good deal to do with the temper of the pony who feels it. Women hiring horses when away from home should not accept those which have already been over-driven and are tired, nor ride behind a lame horse, nor consent to sit in a too heavily laden conveyance. Nor should they permit cruelty on the part of their driver.

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As well as want of heart."

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STEPHEN CRANE IN ACTION

MUCH has been written of the bravery of the late Stephen Crane while under fire as a war correspondent in Greece and in Cuba. Little has been said, however, of the whimsicality of his genius—the same peculiar note that runs through his book "War is Kind," which was apt to come out most conspicuously on conspicuous occasions. Thus, when Richard Harding Davis, during a particularly galling fire in Cuba, asked Crane whether this was not worse than anything he had imagined in his "Red Badge of Courage," Crane replied contemptuously, "Nothing like it."

On another occasion, when there was a shooting affray in front of the Hotel Inglaterra in Havana one evening, and the Spanish soldiery were sweeping the plaza with volleys, Edwin Emerson, one of the correspondents of **COLLIER'S WEEKLY** in Cuba, encountered Crane walking about the plaza with his hands crossed over his breast. "What's the matter with you, Stephen?" shouted Emerson. "Why don't you get out of this?"

"Hush!" cried Crane, with mock solemnity. "'Tis the night of St. Bartholomew!"

The funniest story told on Crane is related by the batch of war correspondents who cruised around Cuba in the New York "Journal's" despatch-boat *Anita* during the Spanish-American War. One day, as they were steaming from Santiago de Cuba to Porto Rico, they sighted a dilapidated schooner and, in response to her signals, came within hail. All the correspondents on the *Anita* jumped to their feet when they heard a familiar voice shout across the waters, "Say! Have you fellows got any beer?"

"That must be Crane," exclaimed several who knew his habits, and they promptly shouted back that there was no bottle of beer to spare for him. This was the truth, since only four bottles remained in the hold and they were being saved up to celebrate the next worthy occasion.

"Well, I'm coming anyhow," shouted Crane, as he abandoned his boat on the high seas and soon after came clambering over the sides of the despatch-boat.

"I was lonely," he remarked briefly, "and I'm glad to shake that outfit; but you've gone and waked me out of the best sleep, so now I'm going to turn in again." With that he went below, with barely a nod to the astonished correspondents gathered on the deck to welcome him. After an hour or so, when the bell rang for dinner, some one went below to arouse Crane. There they found him fast asleep, with four empty beer bottles beside him.

"Beer is not good in the tropics; it makes you stout," said Stephen Crane, as he came up and calmly met the indignant glances of his newly-found hosts and shipmates.

CURBING THE MONEY POWER

IT IS LUCKY for the heads of the trusts that they don't live in Turkey. This story is told of a former Sultan of Turkey or Shah of Persia who was visiting England. One day he was driving with the Prince of Wales, when the latter pointed out the home of the Duke of Westminster, saying that it was the abiding place of his richest subject.

"How rich is he?" inquired the Eastern potentate with interest.

"Oh, enormously wealthy, beyond all calculation!" returned the Prince.

"Do you mean to tell me he is richer than you are, and yet your subject?" was the next question from the visitor.

"Richer than I am?" laughed England's future king. "Indeed he is, ten, possibly twenty times richer."

"Then why don't you cut off his head?" murmured the foreign ruler, as he settled back in his seat.

SUSPICIOUS

VISITOR: "My dear Mrs. Smith, if you can keep a secret, I have a bit of interesting information for you."

Mrs. Smith: "Of course I can." (Turning to another departing guest): "Do wait just a minute longer, Mrs. Hardy; I have something important I want to tell you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

BOBS' VICTORIA CROSSES

LORD ROBERTS is the only man in the British army who can wear two Victoria Crosses. One, which he earned himself, he is entitled to wear on the left breast when in full-dress uniform; the other, awarded to his son, after the latter's heroic death before Ladysmith, he is commanded to wear on all occasions when medals or orders can be shown. Lord Roberts received his first Victoria Cross when his rank was but plain "Lieutenant Roberts"—in 1858, for his personal bravery in the field during the Indian Mutiny campaign. On January 2, 1858, at Khodagunga, when a lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, he spurred his horse after two mutinous Sepoys who were carrying off a standard; and he recovered it, though they presented their muskets at him. One pulled his trigger, but the cap snapped, and Roberts cut down the one who had possession of the standard.

Up Hill, Down Hill, or On the Level

The Superiority of the

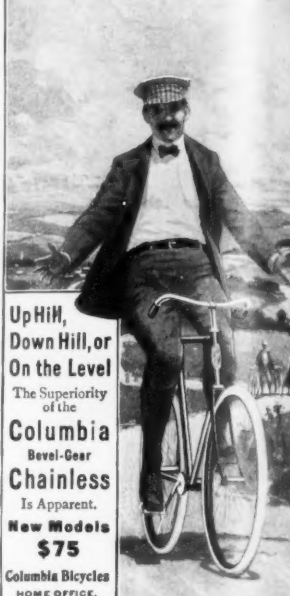
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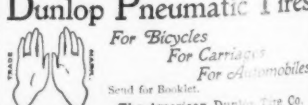
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853 Broadway, New York City.

EXPENSIVE FRENCH GALLANTRY

AN AMUSING story that went the rounds of Paris last year has been revived recently by the release from prison of the offenders and their subsequent attempts at blackmail. Names have been suppressed, and, it is rumored, large sums expended to prevent the odium of ridicule from falling upon several prominent Government officials. The story runs as follows:

Two nuns, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul's order, presented themselves in a well-known office. The elder, a heavy-featured, rather masculine woman, was spokeswoman, her young and unusually attractive companion standing by in demure silence. Mr. A—, astounded by her extravagant demand, hesitated an instant, then, with a Frenchman's natural disinclination to refuse a woman any favor, sought a means of escape in the suggestion that he should at least expect some return for so large a sum. "Our prayers," replied the older nun, "shall be at your service."

"No," replied the official, "I should prefer something more tangible—a kiss from your pretty companion."

The older woman paused in embarrassment, pretended their urgent need of money for their charitable enterprises, and finally acceded to the request—"for the good of the poor."

Mr. A—, startled by this unexpected acquiescence, could think of no further objections. He signed a check for the amount stipulated, then took toll with decided zest in the unusual adventure. A few days later he was surprised by a notification to appear in court as witness against two men whose names were wholly unfamiliar to him. His surprise increased when, on reaching the court-room, he found several of his colleagues there, all summoned upon a similar errand.

The culprits, a stout man of forty and a handsome lad of sixteen, were strangely familiar to the witnesses. They had been apprehended for masquerading in female garments, and when searched several checks for large sums bearing the well-known signatures of the witnesses were discovered upon their persons.

The lad solved the mystery by nodding roguishly to Mr. A—, and suggesting that another time he would be wiser not to pay for kisses.

The rogues were none other than the two begging nuns, and the witnesses had all been victimized in a similar fashion.

THE WIFE'S DECISION

"Where are you going for the summer?"
"My husband has chosen Dinard. I am sorry—I should have preferred Trouville."
"Well, good by, then, till we meet at Trouville."—*Musque de Fer Figaro.*

POOR CHILD

LITTLE Max has just returned from school, where, in accordance with the German law, he has been asked for his birth certificate. Max (howling): "I haven't any birth certificate, and if I don't bring it to-morrow I'll be punished."

Mother (remembering that she neglected to give it to him): "Don't cry, you silly child. They can see you've been born, can't they?"
Max (howling still louder): "Yes, but they won't believe it if I haven't a certificate."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

WHERE POLICEMEN ARE KEPT BUSY

JAPAN has a police force modelled something after the French system. In various places throughout Tokio there are small kabanekos, which are something like the British sentinels, but larger.

Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat and returns at regular intervals to the box. Stations are changed every eight hours. After twenty-four hours' work the three policemen are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box.

During their "off" days the men are employed in taking a census, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances, and the presence of suspicious people.

BETWEEN CHUMS

"You always begin it, Billy; you gave your wife a new hat and now mine has to have one."

"Well, I do it for economy's sake. The second one always insists upon something handsomer."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A GENTLE PROTEST

AMERICAN VISITOR (at Paris hotel after struggling with an uncommonly tough biftek): "Here, garcon, get them to fasten these beef stakes to the soles of my shoes. I am going to walk all over the Exposition grounds to-morrow."

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

There are certain tests that prove the merits of whiskey. Trimble Green Label Whiskey has stood every test. Try it and you will understand why it is the best. We guarantee that it is a pure, unadulterated Rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

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Great Western Champagne

Equals the imported in everything but the price.

Its absolute purity recommends it to all for table and sideboard uses.

Its perfection is proven by trial.

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Rheims, N. Y.

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and revitalizes the whole body.

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Worn with any dress, with or without corset, wholly external, adjustable to any figure, invaluable to the prospective mother.

HAZEN, Pa., Sept. 16, 1899.
I had suffered three years from falling womb, backache, headache, bearing down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, irregular menstruation, constant nervousness, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. The brace has resumed its proper position and stays there. I gained 13 pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace. MRS. J. M. BAUGH.

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DECORATION BY R. W. CROUCH

SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

I KNOW of no more interesting discussion than that annually recurring one relative to strokes in eight-oared racing shells. Action and reaction vary in it, a thorough belief in some particular school being followed by a gradual sapping of that belief through defeat and then a big jump over to the other side. That is, in brief, the history of these discussions.

How many crews at both Poughkeepsie and New London will this year row a stroke which, in the severe reaction that prevailed against professionalism, only a few years ago would have been called a professional stroke? The majority of them, decidedly, and there will be but one crew on either river which

will be free from certain points and advice of professional oarsmen.

Yale appears on the Thames this year as a representative crew, the product of coaching by Dr. Galludet. The greater part of their stroke is based upon the old Yale method, but there is one point of difference, as noted in these columns a short time ago, and that is that instead of starting the shoulders up on the catch before the legs commence to straighten, this crew is following the professional idea, and one in a measure adopted by Harvard, of opening up together; that is, starting the slides as soon as the blade has fairly taken hold of the water, and making the swinging up of the shoulders come at the same time with the starting of the slide.

Harvard represents a second year of a method not greatly dissimilar. Under the instruction of the head coach, Mr. Storrow, the Harvard rowing men have had the benefit of the assistance of both Donovan, the Weld Club professional, and Vail, the new man at Newell; and the Harvard crew this year is the result of a mass of material all of it better coached than the ordinary rowing man of ten years ago, and the best of it coached better than the best university eights of former seasons. But neither Harvard nor Yale will row either the Cook stroke or the stroke which was known a few years ago distinctively as the ideal college stroke.

At Poughkeepsie, Wisconsin, with the feeling that she almost won the race last year, will come on with renewed hopes and confidence. These Western oarsmen are the product of the coaching of O'Dea, succeeded by one of his pupils, McConville, and finally turned back to O'Dea again.

Pennsylvania, as is well known, are pupils of one of the cleverest of professionals, Ellis Ward, who has brought them to victory two years in succession.

Cornell is coached by Courtney, a professional whose crews have always proved dangerous, and their stroke is one that was professional originally and has had grafted upon it all the latest ideas whether from the professional or amateur ranks.

Georgetown will row a stroke similar to that of the Worcester School, and Columbia that coached by Dr. Peet, which is a modification of his last year's stroke, but a stroke with which no professional has interfered for some years.

The professionals directly engaged in coaching college crews this season whose ideas will be more or less represented at Poughkeepsie and New London are Vail and Donovan of Cambridge, O'Dea of Wisconsin, Ward of Pennsylvania, and Courtney of Cornell.

During the early part of the season it was generally stated that the Yale crew of this year was rowing and would row the Yale stroke of several years ago exactly as it was performed before the visit of the crew to Henley. To any one who follows the crew on the river now, it is evident that whatever may have been the intentions, the crew is not rowing identically that stroke. The first thing that impresses one as a radical difference is due to the fact that the shoulders do not swing up before the slide is started, and in this respect Yale has followed the example of the Harvard crew of last year. The rest of the differences which one notes between the present stroke as rowed by Captain Allen's crew and that which was formerly known as the Cook stroke come more or less from this initial difference. The stroke certainly is not as attractive a stroke in its appearance as was the old Yale stroke. Whatever may have been the speed merits of the old stroke, it was a beautiful thing to watch when, in the last days of June, men who had been trained under it for one or two seasons put it in practice with a perfection of rhythm that made the eight bodies seem like one machine. But it is not always form that wins, even in boat races. In fact, those who banked on form alone were the ones who predicted dire defeat for the University of Pennsylvania for a year or two only to see them at the front at Poughkeepsie and Saratoga. They thus enjoyed a practical lesson in this. The form of the Harvard crew of last year was not as striking or as attractive as the form of several of Yale's winning crews, but they made fairly good time considering the conditions, and certainly their boat travelled between strokes well, which is one of the principal measures of the quality of a certain vital part of the stroke. Any one watching the two crews this year there gathers a distinct impression that, in spite of what has been said in print regarding the unusual power that the Yale crew possesses, Harvard has a more muscular lot of men in the shell this year than has Yale. There is no man in the Yale boat, not even Captain Allen himself, who is a match in downright muscular strength for Baucroft, and there are two or three men in the Yale shell who do not look very hard.

Harvard has not quite so much dash as was exhibited by the crew last year, but they are rowing more smoothly, and are better now, especially in steadiness, than the crew was at this time last year. They look like a set of men who would fight, and that is likely to be one of the deciding factors in the New London race this year.

The Yale boat is not nearly as sluggish as it appeared last season toward the last ten days of the training. The men seem more willing, and there is more work being done. There is a business-like air about the quarters, and the men evidently realize the seriousness of their task. Changes are liable to be made in the boat up to the last minute, and the general feeling is that the crew as it left New Haven was too heavy in the waist of the boat, and a change is likely to be made. If the boat could be lightened up a little bit as well as its power aided by a change, it would not go amiss.

There has been no opportunity to get definite lines on the respective time of the two crews under similar conditions, but the Harvard men certainly feel that the Yale crew is more dangerous than last season, and Yale knows that, as far as her observation is concerned, the Harvard crew is more steady at the finish than they were on the Thames last year.

There doesn't seem to be any very great amount of interest in four-oar and freshman races, but the crews show up on the river with the Yale freshmen better in power than their Harvard rivals and are rather looked upon to win. The Yale four-oar is not so well regarded.

Although somewhat of a chapter of accidents, the regatta over the old Harlem River course was well worth seeing, and the attendance points to an increasing interest in general rowing in this country. The contests occupied practically all day, and, despite a shower in the afternoon, held the spectators well. The surprise of the day was the reversal of form in the 15-foot doubles, wherein Hedley and Johnson of the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia turned the tables upon Rumohr and Nagel of the Harlem Rowing Club, beating them by 3½ seconds. The Philadelphia crews won also the senior and junior eights. Rumohr took the quarter-mile dash and also senior singles for Harlem.



YALE VARSITY CREW IN THEIR RACING SHELL



YALE SENIOR FOUR-OARED SHELL CREW READY FOR A PRACTICE SPIN



YALE FRESHMAN FOUR-OARED SHELL ON THE THAMES RIVER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

YALE FRESHMAN CREW EMPTYING THEIR BOAT

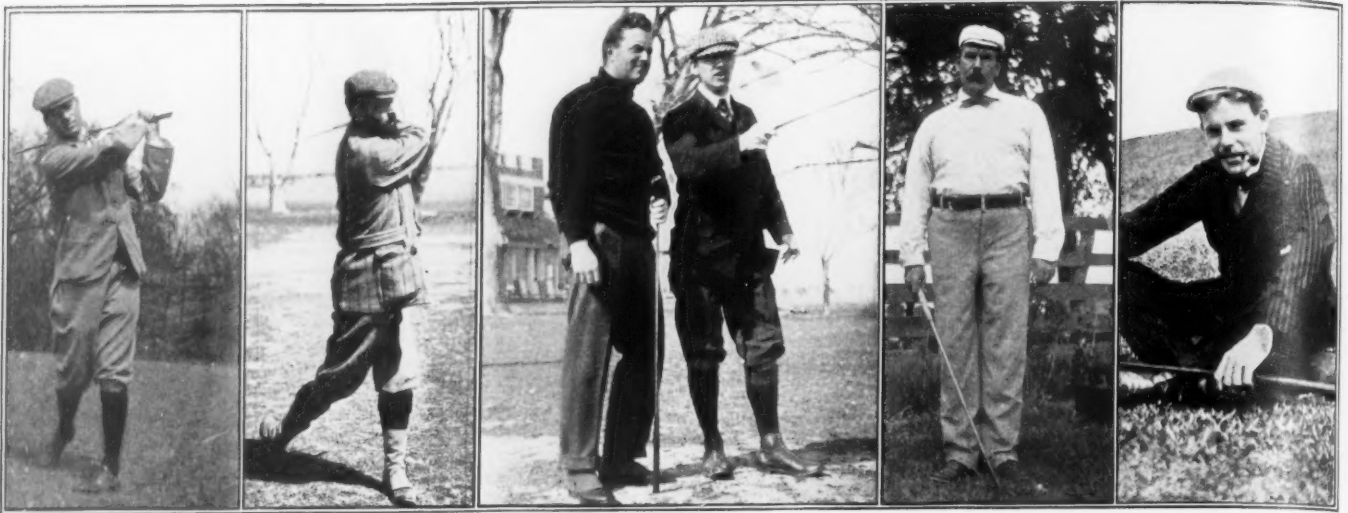
YALE'S CREWS GETTING IN FORM FOR THE RACING SEASON



DRAWN BY J. C. HUNTER

A HARD THRASH TO WINDWARD

The First Brush of the Yachting Season of 1900 between two "Seventy-Footers" off Sandy Hook



C. M. HAMILTON

W. J. TRAVIS

HARRIMAN AND DOUGLAS

C. B. CORY

R. C. WATSON, JR.

SOME NOTABLE FIGURES IN THE GOLF WORLD

GOLF

Whatever effect Vardon's visit to this country may have had upon him and upon his play, there is little reason for him to complain at his score in the English Championship, for it was better by several strokes than Taylor's own win in '95, and compared favorably with the past records. The winner, J. H. Taylor, finished his rounds in 79, 77, 78 and 75, an average of 77½, winning in 369 strokes, with Vardon next, at 317; Bray third, at 322; J. White next, at 323; Auchterlone, at 326, and Willie Park, at 328.

The best amateur was Maxwell, beating out Hilton by nine strokes; Maxwell at the end of the third round being only four strokes behind Park.

In the United States, as the golf season goes on toward the annual test of the amateur championship, the minor tournaments take on more and more importance, and the players begin to sift down into classes indicative of the progress or downfall of those who entered the year as possible starters for the big event. Travis has among all best held up to his form. Harriman has, however, disappointed those who looked upon his victory as a stroke of fortune by keeping up a fairly steady game of late. Douglas has shown an erratic course, and, with the exception of his play in the Metropolitan, has shown even worse streaks of putting than ever. Watson for the Baltusrol tournament swamped Tyng with 7 up and 5 to play.

LAKE ST. CLAIR—THE BABY OF THE GREAT LAKES

THE WATERS of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan and Lake Huron flow swiftly southward through the St. Clair River, as though eager to escape such narrow confines. Reaching Lake St. Clair, they spread lazily out to the right and left.

In the canals, in the main channel along the banks of the marsh, and in the natural wells of the marshland itself is the home of myriad fish. Perch, pike, pickerel, bass, mackerel, lake trout, the bullhead, the mongrel dogfish, and many other varieties of the finny tribe are here in abundance. It is an ideal place for the angler on a balmy spring or summer morning. He can have his fill of sport. He can find ample opportunity to exercise his skill with the rod and reel when he hooks a gamy bass or pike.

In the vast marshes proper is the summer home of the wild duck. Through the warm months they are undisturbed. They have the best of habitations and breed by thousands. As summer draws to a close the hunter listens with delight to their squawking and clamor. Fishing is almost forgotten. Rods and tackle are laid aside. Guns are cleaned and put in readiness. In October the season begins, and for a month the crack of guns and the screaming of the ducks are the daily signs of life.

Not a hunter in the Lake States misses this season if he can help it. The ducks, preparing for their southward flight, are present in countless numbers. The tyro at duck hunting can count on having innumerable opportunities to cultivate his skill. The veteran duck shooter is in his element. The time allowed by law is short, indeed, and, if records are to be made, every day counts. And every day is made good use of by the sportsmen.

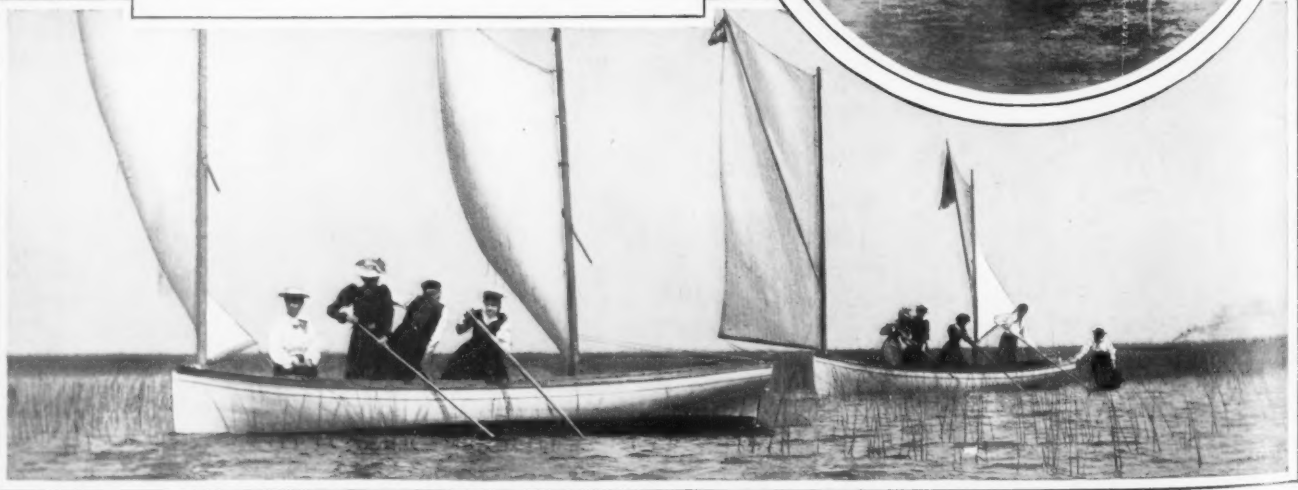
These marshes are the famed St. Clair Flats, "the Venice of America." Those to the east of the main channel, which leads from the St. Clair River to the open lake, are Canadian property. They are in their original, natural shape. The Dominion Government stands in the way of their seizure by squatters. The Canadian Club is about the only organization that ever took steps to make use of the marshes, but the Canadian hunters found better advantages for location on the American side of the channel.

It is a good thing for the fishermen and the hunters that the Canadian marshes are intact. They are preserved in their natural form and make a natural home for the wild duck. Were they built up to dry land and covered with club-houses and cottages, the Flats would suffer by losing the ducks, which would fly to some wilder and more inaccessible region.

The population of the St. Clair Flats shifts from about a hundred in the dead of winter to five or six thousand in



A DAY'S CATCH AT ST. CLAIR FLATS



THE FISHING GROUNDS IN THE MARSHES OF LAKE ST. CLAIR

COFFEE COMPLEXION.

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and back. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were almost as dark as coffee itself."

"I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for."

"When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and as I made it with, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it entirely in place of coffee."

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that the coffee caused the trouble. Please omit my name from public print." Mrs. —, 2081 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill. The name of this lady can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost all women can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. The food coffee furnishes certain parts of the natural grains from the field that nature uses to rebuild the nervous system and when that is in good condition, one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a general healthy condition of the body.



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summer. The year-round residents tell great stories of their winter sports—skating, sleighing, fishing through the ice, and ice boating; but it is only when the first signs of spring appear that the majority of people care to live there.

When the ice breaks up in the lake along in March a steamer prepares for an ante-season trip from Detroit to the Flats. It is usually a cold, raw voyage, and few besides property owners ever think of making it. Out in the lake the ice bothers the steamer, and oftentimes prevents it from going more than half way.

When the ice is gone the Flats season opens for the sportsman. The fishing is superb. The first crowd of anglers invariably return to Detroit with colossal strings of fish. The less enthusiastic wait no longer, and the Flats season is fairly open.

Thousands of people who never have the opportunity of fishing or shooting at the Flats visit the place in summer on excursion boats from points up and down the lakes. It is a delightful summer resort, a unique region.

The visitor to the Flats rides two hours on one of the commodious White Star steamers through the open lake before he reaches the United States Government canal, which marks the beginning of the Flats. This canal serves for all vessels, except those of very light draught, and is located in the most treacherous part of the channel from the St. Clair River. On each side of the canal, a mile in length, stretch artificial islands, covered with flowers and nourishing hundreds of willow trees. A lighthouse is at each end of the island on the American side.

The visitor to the Flats notices particularly the steam yachts, the launches, sailboats, canoes, punts, tugs, and other conveyances of the Flats dwellers. He sees the grocery stores, with their puffy little delivery tugs tied to a pile on the veranda. He sees the little church tug, which carries pious dwellers up to Harsen's Island on Sunday mornings to attend church services. Then there are the bicycle tracks, the tennis courts, the baseball grounds, all built on reclaimed land and looking slightly incongruous with water on all sides.

Although this region is superior to any place west of the Atlantic coast in its fishing and duck-shooting facilities, these forms of sport do not claim all the attention of the people. With so much water in sight and so many boats in use, the yachting supremacy must be settled. Swimming must receive its share of notice. Races of all kinds are being held throughout the entire season.

The best of the yacht races, however, are held in a different part of the lake. After it leaves the Flats the water from the upper lakes spreads continually further to the right and left until, twenty miles below, it is confined between the banks of the Detroit River. This spreading out of the water gives Lake St. Clair a bowl-like shape. Twenty miles in length, and fully as broad in its central portion, it would be considered a large body of water in any other section of the country. To the people of the Lake States it is, however, "the Baby of the Great Lakes."

All down the American side of the lake, from the St. Clair Flats to Grosse Pointe, its southern extremity, the water is shallow near shore. It deepens very gradually, sometimes being only five or six feet deep a mile from land. Near Grosse Pointe the water is somewhat deeper. A pompous lighthouse stands on the Pointe, and the summer homes of the "aristocracy" line the shore.

It is here that most of the great yacht races of the lakes are sailed. Yachtsmen from all the cities and towns of the Lake States and Canada vie with each other to build the fastest boats for these races. The regattas are not one whit less interesting to the lake yachtsmen than were the Columbia-Shamrock races to the people on the Atlantic Coast. There is the supremacy of the lakes to be gained—no mean achievement. There is a cup to be won—not an America cup, but one which every yacht owner in the Middle West and Canada would glory to possess.

To-day there is building in the Wyandotte shipyards, south of Detroit, a yacht modelled on the lines of Columbia. The details of her construction are being as carefully guarded as were those of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. The victory to which the owner looks forward on Lake St. Clair this summer means almost as much to him as would a Shamrock victory to Lipton.

Regattas for smaller sailing craft, for row-boats and canoes, also fill the St. Clair season at the Grosse Pointe yachting course. Boatmen enjoy the season and the magnificent natural advantages to the utmost.

On the shore above Grosse Pointe are club-houses, summer homes and camps. Fishing and sailing, ball playing, golf, cricket, and all other sports find many devotees.

In its entirety Lake St. Clair may be considered a paradise for sportsmen. There is not a single aquatic sport that does not find a welcome at Lake St. Clair in the shape of ideal natural advantages. Added to this is the unique attractions of the Flats, the only place of its kind in the country. And the possibilities of the "Baby Lake" are not yet exhausted. A famous future lies before it as an ideal region for the true sportsman.

WILLIAM L. CALNON.



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 FLANAGAN: "IT'S A FALLACY, ME BHOY. THE TIME ONLY SEEMS LONGER TO THIM THOT'S MARRIED."

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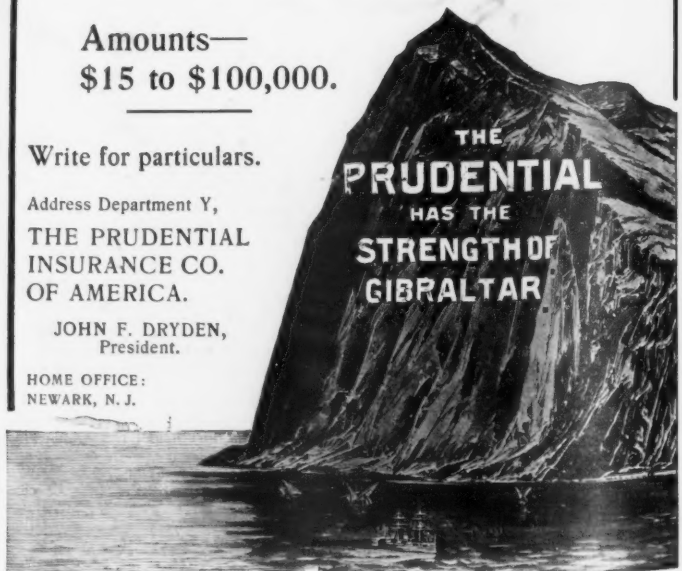
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